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The Menace of General MacArthur

IF war begins between China and the United States on the issue of Formosa, the aggressor will not be the Communists. Such a war, which could scarcely be confined to Asia, would be the doing of General MacArthur, who is apparently making something like a private alliance with Chiang Kai-shek and the group of racketeers who surround him. In discussing military plans with Chiang Kai-shek, General MacArthur is not in any way acting for the United Nations. In seeming to countenance Chiang Kai-shek's naval and air blockade of China, in flat defiance of Mr. Truman's instructions, General MacArthur confirms the view that he is not a fit and proper person to be in charge of responsible military operations. It is beside the point for Mr. Harriman, on his return from Tokio, to deny that American policy in Formosa has changed; the fact is that Kuomintang bombing of China has recommenced. If America wishes to retain any right of leadership, she must at once put an end to Chiang's provocative actions.

So clear has the danger now become that even a paper as deeply concerned to avoid criticising America as the *Observer* has now bluntly and courageously pointed out that, whatever view may be taken of the legal position of Formosa, there can be no doubt that Mao Tse-tung would be justified in attacking the island if it is used as a base of military operations by Chiang Kai-shek. This is sufficiently obvious in London. In Asia, where opinion in this matter has an importance that in the long run must be the decisive factor, there is no country where it is not assumed that Mao must round off his revolutionary victory by finally clearing out the rump of the Kuomintang from Formosa. American support of Chiang is very generally regarded as confirming every worst Communist allegation. Even in Washington the more thoughtful critics have long seen that Chiang's object in blockading China is not military, but rather to drag America into a new war against Mao. If he is allowed to succeed, what else are Chinese Communists to do except to sweep the French out of Indo-China, the British out of Malaya, and for that matter all Europeans off the Asiatic mainland?

The one Power to benefit if Chiang were to sink the world in this new blood bath, would be the Soviet Union, which would be presented with the double advantage that any chance of Mao's adopting a foreign policy independent of Moscow would be ended, and that America's attention and resources would be absorbed in the insoluble problems of Chinese conquest—leaving wide open to Soviet penetration more vulnerable areas in Europe and the Middle East.

The impression that this suicidal policy is seriously contemplated by some Republican imperialists is increased by the efforts of influential U.S. newspapers to reinstate the Kuomintang in public favour. The *New York Times* and *Time* magazine, for instance, even try to gloss over the appalling facts of Chiang Kai-shek's rule in Formosa. In fact, no post-war history makes such sickening reading. This beautiful island had been ruled efficiently, if severely, by the Japanese for the last fifty years. It was a show piece of Japanese administration. Naturally prosperous, it always grew a surplus of food and had attained a standard of living and social welfare unapproached by any part of the Asiatic mainland. After the war, Chiang Kai-shek's troops, greeted with flowers and song by the Formosan people, first pillaged the island. Next came Kuomintang officials, who reduced the country to misery within a few months. They imported all the worst rackets from China. Formosans were thrown out of all responsible posts; their places were taken by those who could best give or take bribes. When Formosans, under the leadership of their most trusted and reputable citizens, marched in thousands to protest, they were dispersed by armed police. The number of killed in the repression of these peaceable people remains uncertain. Experts who have inquired on the spot regard 5,000 as a low estimate. Since then, Chiang Kai-shek's followers have continued to prey on the country, adding, if possible, to their unpopularity by pressing into the Nationalist army tens of thousands of Formosans who may or may not, when the time comes, wish to fight for the people who have reduced their country to beggary.

When MacArthur allows Chiang Kai-shek to talk of reconquering China with American help, we wonder whether the American people are now so completely the victims of war propaganda that they can be bamboozled into so wicked and disastrous an imperialist adventure. We cannot believe that the British Commonwealth will allow itself to be dragged by General MacArthur into an "intervention" which would drive all the Asiatic peoples into the Communist camp.

France's Contribution

The French counterpart to the British rearmament programme has now been submitted to the United States in a memorandum which lays equal stress on the incompatibility of economic instability with security, and suggests that the programme cannot, or will not, be carried out unless France receives not merely direct financial help from America but mutual aid from the other European signatories to the Atlantic Pact. The provisional plan is that, given such assistance, the military budget should be raised from the £580 millions proposed for 1951 to an annual average of £666 millions over the next three years. It is estimated that this expenditure would enable the number of fully equipped French divisions to be increased from five to twenty.

The memorandum, however, makes it clear that France is in no mood to make this contribution unless her allies do more to build in Western Europe both ground and air forces adequate to provide a "deterrent" to the Soviet Union. More specific details of French proposals on these lines are promised later; but the idea seems to be that the Atlantic Treaty organisation should be strengthened by creating a supreme military command, a central planning body, and a financial pool out of which the defence expenditure by each of the member nations would in large part be met.

The Role of Germany

The movement towards rearmament of Western Germany is slow, but the direction is unmistakable. The Federal Chancellor seems unlikely to secure immediate Allied assent to his demand for a federal gendarmerie, but an increase in the strength of the police force in the Länder has been sanctioned, and in the American Zone a corps of 26,000 men—partly German, partly displaced persons—is being organised and armed for what are described as 'guard duties." These measures, so far, are no more than a modest offset to the 50,000-strong *Bereitschaften* (said now to be armed with T.34 tanks) and the 200,000 lightly armed People's Police in the Eastern Zone. In the Defence debate, however, before Parliament adjourned, Mr. Shinwell appeared to suggest that the Government—presumably in consultation with France—is at least considering on what terms Germany might contribute to Western "security." Without German rearmament, which every sane person in Europe dreads, it would be interesting to know how M. Pleven imagines that his Western Union "defence force" of fifty divisions can be organised.

How Fast is Mobilisation?

As the situation in Korea deteriorated, and as panic buying created local shortages and forced up prices, the U.S. Congress tried to face the facts about mobilisation. Food prices have risen by more than four per cent. in the last month; the wholesale price index has risen by almost fifteen per cent.; and across the country commodity prices have been marked up, partly to take advantage of the rush to buy, partly for fear that price controls may be imposed.

The pressure on Congress for such controls is strong and increasing as foodstuff and other prices creep up. The House last week passed a Bill providing for controls immediately prices rose by five per cent.—a move President Truman criticised as inviting such a rise. The President himself has asked for only partial mobilisation and controls, seeking, it seems, to avoid a head-on clash with the Republicans and anxious to avoid unpopular restrictions in an election year. This anxiety may have been baseless: the groundswell seems to have swept along opinion in Congress, especially since Mr. Baruch testified to the tortoise pace of controls in the last war and called for a drastic programme of mobilisation, including rationing, wage and price controls.

Mr. Truman, however, seems willing enough to be given adequate powers, provided it is left to his discretion to decide when they should come into force. He does not want to plunge into all-out mobilisation for a war which may prove local. The Republicans, too, have had second thoughts about giving the President drastic powers without some strings remaining in the hands of Congress. Certainly, there will be some check on instalment and mortgage credit, and the industrial programme for rearmament will keep in step with the calling of reserves and draftees. But, in spite of public sentiment, effective price controls may be held over for the time being.

Dollars for Franco

In April last year, General Franco's American sympathisers failed to "lobby through" a loan to Spain. This year, under the leadership of Senator McCarran, of Nevada, and over the protests of Senators Lehman and Morse, the Senate voted 65-15 to grant Spain $100 millions, and reaffirmed the vote later last week. Apart from political pressure, in which the Catholic lobby played a large part, the Senators were undoubtedly influenced by the "availability" of Spanish bases in the event of war.

Both President Truman and Secretary Acheson criticised the Senate's decision, on the grounds that the money should not be handled through Marshall Plan channels without first consulting the European countries concerned with E.C.A. Both conceded that they had no objection to a loan arranged in the normal way through the Export-Import Bank—which turned down a Spanish application last year as a poor credit risk. But, if the House ratifies the Senate proposal, as seems likely, the President is unlikely to veto it. It has been attached to the omnibus appropriations measure, and the President must accept or reject this as a whole.

Agenda for Strasbourg

Events in the Far East have made their impact on Strasbourg. The Assembly, which last year was cribbed and confined in its debates by the Council of Ministers, is now being given a good deal more latitude. The politics of defence, a forbidding subject twelve months ago, forced itself on to the agenda on the first day; and discussion of the Schuman Plan (initiated by M. Schuman himself) is bound to raise another censored topic—the merits of inter-Governmental planning by O.E.E.C. as compared with supra-Governmental organisation.

On this subject it will be interesting to see the French reactions to the Tory proposals. The "Macmillan Plan", despite the fuss in the House of Commons, accepts all the Government's objections to M. Schuman's original proposals. It suggests that the Authority should be responsible to a Committee of Foreign Ministers of the participating countries, and that a national veto should be preserved—but not abused. A few weeks ago, similar suggestions, when put forward in negotiations by the Foreign Office, were dismissed by the French as tantamount to repudiation of the whole idea. But large concessions already made in Paris have now narrowed the gap between the French and British points of view.

The other subject which dominates this year's meeting is of course Germany, whose delegates are present for the first time. How far are the other nations prepared to go in integrating Western Germany into Western Union?

Prisoners in Iran

In our issue of July 29, Critic commented upon a letter he had received from sixteen political prisoners in Yazd. We have now been challenged by a correspondent, Mr. K. W. James, who says he has lived in Iran since 1946 and "has never heard of a single case of a person who could claim to be a 'leading' doctor, professor or poet being deported from Teheran." It is Mr. James who is misinformed. It may be that the best Anglo-Iranian circles are not fully informed about the systematic efforts of the Iranian authorities to repress all vocal critics of its policy. Among the prisoners at Yazd are:

Dr. Keyanouri, one of Iran's outstanding architects, and until recently Professor of Architecture at Teheran University;

Mr. Djavahari, a well-known writer, modern poet, journalist and teacher;

Dr. Yazdi, a first-class surgeon, Professor at Teheran University, Minister of Health in 1946.

Among others who have been imprisoned or sentenced to death in their absence are:—

Mr. Noushin—actor and producer, who founded the Ferdowsi Theatre and put on Persian translations of Western writers, including J. B. Priestley—sentenced to five years in jail, and deported to Shiraz;

Ehsan Tabari, authority on Persian literature, sentenced to death in his absence;

Dr. Keshavarz, Minister of Education in 1946 and a leading child specialist, sentenced to death in his absence;

Dr. Eraj Eskandari, Minister of Commerce in 1946, sentenced to death in his absence and now in exile in Paris.

All these men were either arrested or disappeared after the attempt on the Shah's life in February, 1949, an attempt made by a Moslem fanatic. No charge of complicity in the attempt was made at their trials, but they were convicted for their part in organising the Tudeh Party in previous years—a party which was still legal in February, 1949. They were tried by military courts, constituted after their arrest; and their deportation was illegal because, in Iran, deportation is part of a sentence and must be announced at the trial. But nothing was said about deportation at their trials.

We have given the names of only a few of those under arrest or serving sentences. The list includes a number who had no connection at all with the Tudeh Party. Some, we are glad to hear, after protests in Iran and abroad, are being brought back to Teheran for a fresh trial.

The Cost of Rearmament

"No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

WILL it, in fact, serve? The first American reaction to the British Government's announcement of willingness "in principle" to spend £3,400 millions on armaments over the next three years was a declaration by Mr. Truman that this response to the State Department's inquiry made him "very happy" and that this was "the proper approach." Later news from Washington, however, suggests that the President's happiness is not unanimously shared by Congressmen, and that there is a disposition in some quarters to ask if Britain could not do even more. This critical attitude doubtless arises in part from the fact that, in the memorandum handed to the U.S. Ambassador, there is a certain deliberate imprecision as to what Britain intends actually to achieve and spend. There is to be no numerical increase in British forces; but, in order to satisfy "the most urgent need . . . the production of defence equipment," the budgetary provision for the Services is to be raised, in 1951-54, by a sum totalling, in round figures, £1,000 millions—if, but only if, substantial extra financial assistance from the United States, over and above continued Marshall Aid, renders it possible to attain this "new and upper limit."

Americans who are so badly scared that they even talk of the "encirclement" of the United States and who take the view that there is nothing left to do but to mobilise for an inevitable world war, may complain that this is an ultra-cautious programme. They can, of course, point out—as *The Times* has done—that over the next three years the aggregate increase in Britain's national product, provided the recent rate of growth continues, should be perhaps twice the sum by which it is proposed to expand military expenditure; and that, making due allowance for the need to pay for more (and probably more costly) imports, this should be ample to "carry" the defence programme without inordinate hardship. A greater sense of urgency, they can argue, would call for a larger, accelerated effort by Britain—an effort not made conditional on Uncle Sam's readiness to pay, in effect, a higher rental for his unsinkable aircraft carrier.

Such arguments are wide of the mark. The basic assumption underlying the British memorandum is that rearmament bought at the cost of economic decline would defeat its own purpose; and this assumption, in its application to the whole of Western Europe, is one which the U.S. Government has itself endorsed. To divert to Defence over £1,100 millions annually out of Britain's own resources—at least 10 per cent. of the national income—would not merely involve measures such as direction of labour and requisitioning of factories, which the Government is anxious to avoid; it would put a grave strain on Britain's overall balance of payments and enforce considerable reductions in welfare and living standards. Even as it is, though the wound to Britain's body economic may not be "so deep as a well," the implications of the programme are serious enough. If we assume—and indications from Washington seem to warrant the assumption—that about half the extra £1,000 millions will be provided by the American Treasury, then Sir Stafford Cripps will still have to budget in 1951-54 for Defence expenditure averaging over £950 millions annually, against £780 millions in the current year, or £880 millions if we include the provisionally Supplementary announced by Mr. Shinwell before Parliament adjourned. Moreover, as it takes time to place contracts and get production moving, the burden on the Budget—perhaps no more than £900 millions next year—will certainly top the thousand million mark by 1953.

As a purely fiscal problem this might not present insurmountable difficulties. True, taxation already absorbs two-fifths of all private income in Britain, as compared with one-quarter in the U.S.A.; but, by stiffening direct taxes, any Chancellor could probably find an additional £170 millions a year. But the crux is not purely fiscal: much more important factors are the social consequences of rearmament in its impact on the national economy and the standard of living. Even though the American taxpayer may relieve his British counterpart of half the fiscal burden, it is an armaments expenditure of the full £3,400 millions—rising progressively from, say, £950 millions in 1951 to £1,300 millions in the last of the three years—with which, from this standpoint, we have to reckon. And it will fall on a country in which there is no reserve of unemployed labour, very little industrial "slack," and every possibility of serious price inflation when supplies which would otherwise have been available for exports or civilian consumption are diverted to the Services' needs.

It is implicit in the memorandum that—always provided productivity continues to rise—there need be no definite curtailment in the present rate of "essential" home investment in housing, schools, hospitals and factories: only the hoped for "improvement" in these directions and in our circumstances generally must be postponed. We are unable to share even this qualified optimism. The "switch," on the scale proposed, from civilian to military production is bound to occasion some industrial dislocation—to begin with, through the delays caused by re-tooling. Accordingly, it is quite unsafe to assume the the recent rate of increase in productivity can be maintained; and obviously one result of the programme must be a compensating, and wholly deplorable, cut in capital expenditure on social projects. Even so, it is difficult to see how the inflationary effects can be avoided. Without reimposition of "controls" or labour direction, how is greater output of armaments to be elicited from the industrial machine without increases of profit-margins which would be bound to affect the whole price-structure even if strategic stock-piling were not already driving up raw material prices to fantastic heights? And how, since the diversion of manpower and materials to guns, tanks and aircraft cannot be at the expense of our barely sufficient volume of exports, can we expect to avoid shortages of consumers' goods, rising retail prices and an irresistible impetus to the already strong demand for all-round wage increases?

Unpleasant consequences there are bound to be—the memorandum is not over-stating the case when it speaks of the British people being confronted with "real and substantial sacrifices"—even if the impact is cushioned both by direct American aid and by increased dollar earnings from the sale to the U.S.A. of sterling area raw materials. The Government has rightly refused to be thrown off its balance. Declining, as yet, to accept the view that nothing counts any longer but mobilisation for inescapable war, it is still preserving some sense of proportion in the scale of this "contribution to the defence of the free world": guns are not be a completely overriding priority, and the Government is sensibly deciding to increase the regular forces in preference to stripping British industry of labour by extending the period of national service. Yet the hard fact must be faced that we are taking a step which is bound, in one or at most two years, to carry us back a long way towards a war economy of shortages and rising prices—a factor in the situation much more important than the effect on the Budget.

This, indeed, is the problem with which the Trades Union Congress must come to grips, when it meets next month. It is almost certain that the Government will ask the trade union leaders to re-introduce the "wage-freeze" as a measure against inflation. Agreeing, as they must do, that inflation will hit the working class harder than any other, the T.U.C. will be unable to give a flat refusal. But what they cannot do is to persuade their membership to accept the "wage and dividend freeze" in its old form. There is no "equality of sacrifice" in imposing on the worker a real loss of purchasing power while permitting undistributed profits to pile up in reserves. Many months ago we argued the case for an annual capital levy as an essential part of any wages and profits policy. This argument has been overwhelmingly reinforced by the three-year rearmament plan. The violence of the reaction in certain quarters to Mr. Strachey's call for "fairer shares" in the apportionment of the burden than were achieved in the last war indicates the resistance to be expected to any such proposal. But this should not deter the T.U.C.; and the Government also must surely realise that a capital levy has now become essential to social justice.

Grâce-Berleur and Laeken

ALL round Liège, the slag heaps and chimneys stand up against the sky, and the grimy industrial villages, linked by abominable cobbled roads and long-distance tramways, straggle into the countryside. Grâce-Berleur, a month ago, was merely one of these villages. Now it is Belgian history.

The Gendarmerie occupied Liège when the strike began. It must be explained that the Belgian Gendarmerie (black helmets) is a specially trained volunteer force, designed to intervene in strikes and disturbances and

detested by most of the population; it has the same name for brutality and the same odour of Nazi collaboration as the French C.R.S. and the Italian *Celere*. The ordinary police (white helmets) have a reputation for common-sense and decency and are generally trusted, especially in a town like Liège where the force has long been controlled by a Socialist Council. In the last four days of the strike, when the course of events had caused the gendarmes to be withdrawn, the police, with traffic controllers and so on from the Strike Committee, kept order without friction.

When the Gendarmerie, directed by the Government, ousted the police and undertook the impossible task of strictly enforcing orders against the assembly of more than five persons, it did so against the wishes of the Governor of the province and without consulting the Mayor of Liège or the elected authorities of the region. Experienced citizens warned that the black-helmeted invasion would convert a peaceful strike into a pitched battle. M. Merlot, for thirty years Mayor of Liège and until last year Minister of the Interior, who knows something about keeping order, told the Gendarmerie's officers on July 29: "You will bring about bloodshed, and the guilt will be yours." He did not know how dramatically the next day would prove him right.

On July 30, meetings to demand the abdication of King Leopold were held in the mining villages, mostly indoors. Grâce-Berleur has no suitable hall, so its meeting was held in the street, the platform being the balcony over a café. The order which this meeting undeniably violated was an unenforceable one, already broken countless times; the population was so united in opinion that the meeting must certainly have passed off quietly, had not a truckload of gendarmes by-passed the barricades and put in an unexpected appearance.

Simon Paque, Deputy for the district, had been speaking for ten minutes under the chairmanship of the Mayor. As soon as he saw the gendarmes, he closed the meeting, asked the crowd to disperse, and came downstairs. The black helmets tried to arrest him, then recognised his Deputy's card, but were slow to release him from the ring they had formed round him. The crowd shouted "Let him go!" A gendarme threw a tear-gas grenade; somebody picked it up before it exploded and threw it over a wall. By now about fifty gendarmes had dismounted from four trucks. The order to fire was given, and at once obeyed with machine carbines. The crowd was already moving off, so that all those killed and wounded had bullets in their backs. Three men were killed—Vervaeren, a lorry-driver; Houbrecht, a market-gardener; and Serepana, a miner, who had not even attended the meeting and fell 150 yards from the balcony. All had been members of the Resistance. Ten others, including the Mayor, were wounded. The gendarmes scoured the village for over an hour, firing at the few people still out of doors.

I visited Grâce-Berleur the next day and heard the story from M. Paque, from the Mayor, and independently from eight others. The only discrepancies in these accounts concern the number of bullets in Houbrecht's body—some say 26—and whether Serepana was hurrying off on foot or by bicycle.

The effect of the shooting on the issue of the King's retirement was quick and probably decisive. People in Grâce-Berleur and Liège reacted with horror, with anger, and above all with amazement. The action of the gendarmes, both in firing on a dispersing crowd and in coming to Grâce-Berleur at all, was patently needless and provocative. Besides, such things do not happen in Belgium as they do in France or Italy; not a life has been lost in civil conflict since 1912, and the sense of unforgivable crime was almost as great as it would be in England. Before Grâce-Berleur, the workers of Liège were ready to defy the gendarmes; afterwards, they were ready to seek them out and exact a revenge. Before Grâce-Berleur, Leopold and his Government were regarded as enemies of democracy; afterwards, they were seen as murderers. At a packed meeting, shouts of agreement greeted a reference to "Léopold Trois, assassin premier."

That night, the Prime Minister became convinced that Leopold could not reign with Grâce-Berleur as a new entry in his already black record. He went to Laeken and advised the King to retire on the best terms still obtainable. The alternative he presented as civil war and the disruption of the nation. The same prospect, it is generally believed, moved the American Embassy to intervene in favour of retirement.

The grief of the nation was deep; but there was no sign of grief at Laeken. The clique of obstinate men in the suburban palace at first saw Grâce-Berleur as the first round in the battle; it took a long night of argument to bring them to their senses. How far the King was from regretting the deaths of his subjects, and how truly he was the leader of a faction, may be gauged by the words with which he rejected the demand for abdication, even when agreeing to the delegation of powers. "I shall not abdicate," he is reported to have told M. Buset, "if a thousand are killed tomorrow."

On July 31, I saw how the Liège region grieved for its dead. Already the spot where they had died was covered with flowers; more were being brought by delegations from other villages, while a silent, embittered crowd stood vigil. The stream of flowers, some piled high in cars and lorries, went on all day. The wounded Mayor sat in the one customer's chair in the barber's shop and heard the delegations pledge, in the name of the dead, a fight to the finish for unqualified abdication. When they heard that I was reporting for an English Socialist journal, people crowded round me to express their sorrow and their determination. M. Paque asked me vehemently to write that his people, fighting the collaborator-King, needed the sympathy and aid of Socialists abroad.

On August 2, the day of the funeral, I saw how the Belgian nation mourned. Because the dense throng of people blocked the main street and lined the whole circuitous route to the cemetery, it was impossible to be sure of their numbers; but 100,000 would certainly be an under-estimate. To be there, people from Brussels, Mons, or Charleroi, and Flemish workers from Ghent and Antwerp, had risen early or travelled all night—some driving in packed cars, lorries, and hastily hired coaches, while others from nearer towns had cycled or walked. A long column with flags and wreaths preceded the coffins. These were carried by guards of honour—Houbrecht's by local citizens, the young Vervaeren's by blue-shirted Socialist Youth, Serepana's by miners in their blue denims and pit helmets.

As the bodies were slotted into the above-ground graves one finds in Catholic cemeteries, the bugles sounded, two police officers stood at the salute, and the thousands in or overlooking the cemetery bared their heads. More moving than all the tears of men and women—and there were many—were the sobs of Vervaeren's father. A tall, heavy man, he had moved blindly toward the grave, supported with difficulty by a smaller man. Death is easy and common in our century; but Vervaeren's father's face made this death count, and made it sum up all the others.

Among the flowers on top of the grave, three resolute men in blue shirts stood with their hands raised in the clenched-fist salute which Belgian Socialists use. Behind them a vast slag-heap rose, speckled with the small figures of men and women who had clambered up its sides.

By now, we all knew that the King had agreed to hand over his powers. The speakers at the meeting before the funeral forbore to sound a note of victory or to stress that the three deaths had had as decisive a meaning at Laeken as at Liège. But the faces of the crowd said enough. There was not a man or woman there who did not look ready to continue or renew the struggle, knowing the weapons in the enemy's hands, if their leaders gave the signal.

Moving about Liège the day before, I met nobody who was satisfied with the agreement reached. When it was announced in the main square, there were no cheers (as there were in Brussels), and a group led by a furious woman who had been a Gestapo prisoner shouted for abdication. A score of Socialist Youth condemned their party's leaders for withholding the order to march on Brussels—"The Communists are already there; what are our people waiting for?" These people felt certain that complete victory was within their grasp, and that the compromise would not settle the royal question, but would leave many loopholes for a Leopoldist comeback—now or in 1951—and for stalling on the social demands which were an important secondary aim of the strike.

It is not for foreigners to say whether the Socialist leaders were wise to stop short of total victory, or whether the difference between retirement and abdication was worth more funerals like that of Grâce-Berleur. That the King, the Cardinal, and the Flemish extremists are already seeking a way out is evident; what they can achieve, in their disarray, is unknown All that can be recorded is this. The people I saw at Grâce-Berleur will remain on the alert; and, whether Leopold goes abroad, lives quietly in Belgium, or seeks the limelight again, he will never shake off the memory of Houbrecht, Vervaeren and Serepana.

Liège, August. MERVYN JONES

London Diary

One of the items in the announcement of Ministers' holiday arrangements is that Sir Stafford Cripps will first spend some weeks at home in Gloucestershire followed, perhaps, by a further visit to the Swiss clinic where he went last year. Meantime his departmental documents are to be sent to Mr. Gaitskell. The discerning eye will notice that, in the case of a Minister so absorbed in his work as Sir Stafford, this implies a very serious need of rest. It would be surprising if this were not so. People forget that the small group of top Labour leaders have now been continuously in office since the most critical part of the war. Physically I should say that Mr. Attlee has best stood the strain. Mr. Bevin's survival is something of a miracle. Sir Stafford, physically much less robust, has held the most gruelling post in the last few years of financial jungle-warfare. Some people believed that he would resign after the election. He certainly hoped to be released at the end of this Parliament—a date which was originally expected in June or October at the latest. He now has at least a couple of months of complete holiday in front of him.

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We all remember the Scottsboro boys when we are reminded of them. In the Thirties we passed countless resolutions demanding their release, mixed with calls for intervention in Spain and death to Hitlerism. Since then, closer horrors have claimed our attention. It is with a violent shock that one discovers from a new publication *Scottsboro Boy*, by Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad (*Gollancz*, 16*s*.), that these boys, whom the world knew to be innocent victims of the dirtiest frame-up, had not all been long ago released as we presumed. Now we hear that one of them only *escaped* (not, please note, been *released*) from a concentration camp of more than usual horror in Alabama last year. We learn, too, that of the nine Scottsboro boys, there were still five in jail in 1944, that Andrew Wright is still in Kirby prison in 1950, that there is again a warrant out to re-imprison Clarence Norris who was released in 1947, and that Haywood Patterson, whose obviously truthful and perfectly appalling book will, I hope, be discussed in this and every other journal at length, was recently recaptured again in Detroit, which, however, refused to give him up when Alabama demanded his extradition. He was tried in Detroit for breaking jail and pardoned. I hear—I hope correctly—that the Governor of Alabama is waiving his State's claim on Patterson after he has spent sixteen years in jail for an offence which no one thinks he committed.

* * *

The long extracts I've read from Mosha Pijade's pamphlet about the *Legend that the Yugoslav Uprising Owed its Existence to Soviet Assistance* effectively dispose of this Legend —which indeed is such obvious nonsense that no one outside the Soviet Union could ever believe it. Mosha Pijade speaks with the authority of a life-long Communist who spent years of his life in gaol under King Alexander; he is now the intimate friend of Tito and the chief theoretical exponent of Communism in Belgrade. He shows that Stalin played a double game with the Partisans during the war; not only were the Russians not the chief liberators of Yugoslavia, but they actually failed to give them aid they had promised. As it happens, I can add a corroborative detail from my own knowledge. At the moment during the war when the Foreign Office had been persuaded with great difficulty to support Tito, I learnt from a confidential and completely authoritative source that the Russians had discussed with Whitehall whether to send aid simultaneously to Mihailovitch and to Tito! They had to be informed by the British that Mihailovitch was not fighting on the Allied side and that no aid or personnel sent to Mihailovitch was likely to reach him through country where guerrillas were fighting. Zilliacus makes good use of Pijade's argument in his reply (*Tito v. Stalin*, Perspective Publications, 1*s*.) to English Communists like Kartun and Klugman whose apologies for Stalin in Yugoslavia represent about the lowest point of mental prostration.

* * *

To all this, however, one important point must be added. We cannot get this story right until someone writes a history of Soviet policy during the war. For the Russians never tell the truth about themselves even when it is credible or creditable. They may have a valid excuse for some of the actions that look like sheer treachery. They may have been really ignorant about Mihailovitch; and no doubt they believed at first that Tito and his Partisans were "infantile Leftists," who were likely to serve no purpose in the war except to make trouble between them and their Western Allies. Playing a correct game with Churchill and Roosevelt, they may have thought that they could not afford as an ally a Communist as genuine as Tito or as any of the Communist leaders who had fought so well in Spain and whom they got rid of in one way or another after the war. That would be intelligible, if not praiseworthy. However, the Russians never excuse their treachery to their friends by such explanations. They prefer to say that the Partisans criminally betrayed the revolution (being, like themselves, allies of Britain and America), that Tito was an Imperialist agent because he fought on the same side as themselves and Churchill, that Yugoslav Communism contributed no more than Rumanian to the war, and that Yugoslavia was liberated, not by the Partisans, but by the Soviet armies!

* * *

Would you believe it? No, of course, you would not unless you were in the habit of following Communist propaganda. On June 17th, in an article entitled "The Palmerstonian Touch," this journal remarked that British "isolationism" would be more intelligible if we "could be towed across the Atlantic and anchored off Long Island." The Polish paper *Wolnosc* quotes this to show how "the labourite hirelings of American monopolies who have long since lost all honour and conscience, are quite openly trafficking in their country's national independence." Operation Atlantis.

The gaunt lady with the too-long skirt stopped me near the British Museum. Where was the nearest bank, she wanted to know. The Westminster? Was it a big bank? Would they cash her travellers' cheques? The sun beat down on her faded hat; from the lapel of her sensible jacket hung a badge with her name and home town. Anxiously, she strode off down New Oxford Street—a delegate, I suppose, to some worthy conference; but to me, the symbol of all those welcome American visitors who won't be eating £2 meals, won't be needing night clubs and luxury suites—of all the American women who are not in the least like all the advertisements in the American glossy magazines.

* * *

I was not altogether surprised to hear that the appearance of Lady Godiva at a Carnival in Beeston, Notts, elevated an eyebrow or two among the spectators. After all, what's right and proper in Coventry is not necessarily the done thing over the county border. But the reason for complaint to the police was not (according to the Sunday press, which understands these things) that the lady was performing away from her own pitch, but that she was indecent, being dressed only in her long black hair, perched up on a white horse for every Tom in Beeston to peep at. The policeman, however, explained that the lady's pink skin was really ballet tights, her hair was hired for the occasion, and she herself no lady at all, but a young man obliging for the occasion because all the Beeston girls were too modest for the part. This is a strange story. Has Beeston no bathing belles? However, it is not the morals or the historic sense of Beeston that most concerns me. The interesting question is simply in what the alleged indecency consists. Presumably the spectator who wanted Lady Godiva arrested was thinking not only of the moral salvation of the Lady herself, but of the effect of her nudity on the susceptible minds of the people of Beeston. If so, the illusion of feminine nudity is surely just as indecent as the real thing would be? Yet directly you say that the naked woman is no lady, but a clothed male, everyone gives a sigh of relief and feels perfectly respectable again.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

This electrically controlled model bomber, which releases a "bomb" over the target area when the competitor presses a button . . . attracted a good deal of attention at a Horsford fête in aid of the Church Restoration Fund.—Caption to a photograph in *Eastern Daily Press*. (Janet Hitchman.)

To British hearts the world over—but particularly here and in Australia—the most important news to-day is not that Russia is returning to the Security Council, but that the selectors of the M.C.C. cricket team to tour Australia next year have at last found a secure Captain.—*Birmingham Mail*. (A. Peal.)

Recently I read with some envy that dentists are providing tanks of goldfish to soothe the nerves

of patients. I am the wife of an overworked and underpaid general practitioner. I had several gold-fish before the National Health Service descended upon us, but I had to serve these to my husband for supper one night.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (E. Richter.)

Think not of the Service period as a "bind," but rather as the perfect opportunity for 18 months' serious cycling.—*Cycling*. (L. Pomeroy.)

If an average British charwoman were asked what she believed in, she would list the aims of the U.N. Charter, declared Mr. J. Orrick to an audience of women yesterday.—*News Chronicle*. (T. F. Sherwood.)

GALLUPING ATOM

Question: Should the U.S. use the atom bomb if it gets into another world war? Answer: Yes, 61 per cent.—Gallup Poll.

If Britons to Americans may speak
Freely, as those who share a common tongue,
Calmly, before our terrors reach their peak
And leave us all unstrung,
Then plain words must express
Concern at your atomic readiness—
We answer No, where you have answered Yes.
For atoms, dropped with excellent intentions,
Can but arouse our gravest apprehensions.

Dangers and duties both are recognised,
False ideologies must be frustrated,
But we would rather not be atomised
Or else hydrogenated.
We deprecate your haste,
For, being so strategically placed,
Your bombers on our airstrips would be based,
And all our harbours, pastures, hills and valleys
Become potential A-bomb bowling alleys.

Your thirst for righting wrongs we comprehend,
We know the bomb's despatched but to
preserve us,
But, just between ourselves, as friend to friend,
It makes us rather nervous.
Frankly, we are not quite
So anxious—seated on the launching site—
As you, to see the atom dropped for Right.
Retaliation here must be expected
When counter atom-missiles are projected.

Your dauntless resolution we must praise,
While hoping to avoid the atom test,
Though danger from mere radioactive rays
Is doubtless overstressed.
And yet it would be rash
To count that all may to safe shelter dash
One jump before the supersonic flash,
While even Dose-Rate Meters in our pockets
Won't give due warning of reprisal rockets.

We used to say, when bombs burst in our midst,
"You'll only get it if your name is on"
And when by those old-fashioned weapons blitzed,
We still had time to run.
But bombs of the new-fangled kind
Fly faster and more lavishly are signed,
As bigger ones, and better, are designed,
When each atomic warhead, science claims,
Will be inscribed with fifty thousand names.

While willing to admit you would be more
Physically and morally resistant,
We feel America from atom war
Would still be distant,
While we bombarded here
As outpost of the Western Hemisphere,
Found V3 sites uncomfortably near.
The atom's aimed to save us—not to harm us;
But still we must confess, friends, you alarm us.

SAGITTARIUS

Trawlers in Trouble

II.—BACK TO HARD TIMES

So long as conditions existed in which alternative foodstuffs were rationed or scarce, and fried fillets with "six of chips" had to serve for working-class suppers on several nights a week, the British trawler fleet—now consisting of about 1,050 vessels, against 1,650 in the 'thirties, but with a considerably greater catching capacity per ton—had an assured market, which was filled patriotically and profitably. Last year, total landings of white fish amounted to 15.7 million cwts., of which approximately half represented cod. As the practice had grown up, during control, of "heading" cod at sea in order to save space, the true figure of 1949 landings, comparable with 13.8 million cwts. in 1935 and just over 11 million cwts. before the first world war, may be put at nearly 17 million cwts. Even from the Near Waters, with their declining yield, landings last year were 4.7 million cwts., as compared with 3.8 million cwts. in 1935.

As for prices, averages are apt to be misleading in the case of a product whose proceeds at port auction sales fluctuate so irregularly; but, with this qualification, the following figures give a picture of the position at typical ports:—

WHITE FISH LANDED.

	Mn. cwts.		Av. Price per stone			
			s.	d.	s.	d.
	1935	1949	1935		1949	
Hull	5.3	*4.9	1	7	4	8
Grimsby ...	3.1	4.3	3	0	5	6
Lowestoft ..	0.16	0.25	5	0	10	0

* Mostly headed fish, so that the "true" 1949 figure was about 6mn. cwts.

It is difficult to predict how realised average landing values will compare this year with those of 1949. With decontrol, grading has come into its own again. For example, the price of plaice—the mainstay of Lowestoft—had a controlled maximum price of 14s. 8d. per stone, as compared with an average realised price of 6s. 2d. per stone in 1935. Recently, this fish has been fetching at Lowestoft from 20s. down to 4s. per stone, according to grade. A fairly representative catch of a trawler whose voyage accounts I examined last month at this port amounted to 2,400 stone, of which approximately 500 stone were sold at 20s., and the remaining 1,900 stone at prices ranging from 14s. down to 4s., and averaging 9s. 1d. per stone. At Hull, in July, the price of cod landings had ranged from 6s. 6d. down to 3s. (the agreed minimum selling price) per stone, against control maxima of 4s. 9d., unheaded, and 6s. 4d., headed; but considerable unsold quantities had to be disposed of to the meal factories at about 4½d. a stone—a price at which the fish might almost as well have been dumped in the sea. Allowing for the proportion of the landings which have to be sold for meal, the recent proceeds of cod landed at Hull average probably less than 2s. 9d. per stone, as compared with about 1s. 6d. in 1938. Similarly, at Grimsby, where somewhat fresher cod, unheaded, is now averaging about 3s. a stone, against 1s. 8d. before the war, total white fish landings are now realising on the average about 5s. per stone, as compared with the pre-war figure of approximately 3s.

We thus reach the position that, to-day, the product of the trawling industry is fetching, on the quay, values averaging perhaps 175-180 per cent. of the pre-war level, whereas operating costs (as I showed in the preceding article) have trebled at least since pre-war days. As a result, the conditions revealed before the war by the Sea Fish Commission, headed by Sir Andrew Duncan, have returned in an even more acute form. Practically no trawlers at present are earning enough to cover depreciation, though the need to modernise the senescent Near Water fleets is obvious; and trip accounts are showing losses with disquieting frequency. There may, of course, be lucky trips. Even this summer, some of the large Hull trawlers, whose trip costs range from £3,500 to £5,000, have been grossing nearly £6,000 on a fortunate voyage; but other trips have yielded as little as £2,000. I was given at Hull the figure of £3,750 as a fair measure of average grossings per trip since decontrol—earnings quite inadequate in the case of the bigger, new vessels to cover depreciation. At Grimsby the position is similar; and at Lowestoft, with its semi-luxury market in prime table fish, trawlers have frequently failed of late to make ends meet on a trip. The accounts for the year ended last March (when control was still operative) of a post-war, 100ft. diesel-engined trawler, which had 296 operational days in the year, revealed average gross earnings of £71 per day, against £67 costs. Since decontrol, trips by this class of trawler are showing losses frequently of £100 and occasionally of amounts ranging up to £200.

Can anything be done to restore equilibrium between proceeds and outgoings by reducing operating costs at sea? Most of the debit items—fuel, gear and ice—are not within the trawler owners' control, though some managing owners, as I have said, are benefiting from the profits of ancillary firms supplying the industry. Expenses incurred on the quay, in the course of first-hand sale, strike one as unduly heavy. The salesman, who draws 5 per cent. of the gross proceeds, seems to be highly remunerated for his selling skill; and the charge made by the "lumpers," who land the fish and handle it on the quay, is inordinate—amounting, as it does, to anything from 4 to 6 per cent. of grossings. But in the case of the skippers, mates and hands, popular conceptions of "easy money" are wide of the mark.

It is true that, during and immediately after war, trawlermen of all grades were enjoying pretty high taxable incomes. To-day, a deck hand, when his poundage share is added to his basic wage, is probably not averaging much over 24s. a day for work in which not only are conditions tough, but hours of labour at sea are unlimited; and these earnings have to cover intervals off-pay in port. A Third Hand (roughly the equivalent of a bo'sun) has a larger poundage share, and does better. Skippers and mates, drawing 10 per cent. and 7 per cent. respectively of the net proceeds after all the voyage, landing and salesman's commission costs have been deducted, are lucky if their monthly cheques now exceed, on the average, £70 for a skipper and, say, £50 for a mate on a medium-sized trawler in Distant Waters. In Near Waters the skippers'

and mates' earnings are considerably lower. Throughout the industry, now that hard days are back again, there is a strong feeling among the trawler officers that, if their earnings are to be a share of net proceeds, ancillary profits made by managing ownerships should be allowed for in calculating the true net figure, and that certain items, such as the cost of "extra hands" carried above the number specified in the 1922 agreement—quite obsolete in application to the big Distant Water trawlers—should not be a charge on the sum divisible among "shares."

AYLMER VALLANCE

(To be concluded.)

Malan's Racialism

(By a Correspondent)

[This concludes a series of three articles]

IT is the South African Nationalists themselves who are most aware of the opposition created by their enforcement of a racialist pattern upon the country. They have not, therefore, confined themselves to passing Acts of social policy, but have reinforced their acts politically by a series of measures aimed at suppressing any form of opposition, from whatever quarter it may come. Having realised immediately after the elections of 1948 that their majority was very precarious and might well disappear at another election, they decided that the first use of their power must be to ensure a long, if not permanent, tenure of office. Their first important measure, the Citizenship Act of 1949, was thus designed to give them some control over the rights of the franchise itself. The kernel of this Act is to be found in Clause 8, which gives power to the Minister to grant a certificate of registration to a citizen of any Commonwealth country or of the Republic of Ireland, provided that, amongst other requirements, "he has an adequate knowledge of the responsibilities and privileges of South African citizenship." It also gives the Minister arbitrary power to grant, or refuse, such a certificate. In other words, the Government now has, in fact, an absolute power to select those whom it approves to enjoy the right to vote.

Having taken this very wide control of the electorate itself, the Nationalists have lately proceeded to supplement their powers. In the early part of the session, Dr. Dönges (Minister of Interior) found himself challenged by the Judiciary in his arbitrary use of his position to prevent his opponents from going abroad and informing the world of the conditions within the country. Within one week the Supreme Court gave two judgments against him in his attempt to keep his critics within the country by refusing passports. The Government immediately decided to introduce new passport legislation, and in the meantime it has reduced the validity of passports from five years to one year in order to control as much as possible the movement of its opponents outside the Union.

It then spent the latter half of the session in the passage through Parliament of two Acts which, in fact, give it, first, the means of keeping records of every individual within the Union, and secondly, of securing complete power over the political actions of every individual and organisation within the State. The first of these measures, the Population Registration Act, will institute for the first time a compulsory identity card system for every inhabitant, and will classify all inhabitants according to their defined racial grouping. It will, in fact, introduce a pass system for the entire population, and will provide the information necessary to carry out every section of the policy of *Apartheid*. It will, at the same time, by publishing such racial details, and by giving an opportunity for such details to be challenged, encourage the activities of the public informer, whose opportunities in an "inter-racial" society, regulated by laws, are obvious and degrading.

It is, however, the Suppression of Communism Act, eventually passed on the last day of the session, that underlines the dictatorial philosophy of the Nationalist Party. On the Second Reading of the Bill, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart, painted a ludicrously melodramatic picture of a vast revolutionary Communist movement for which he gave evidence so fantastically unsubstantiated as to take his speech out of even South African politics into the realms of farce. According to him, the Communists were organised to poison water supplies to stimulate revolution and to overthrow the entire structure of South African society. He was unable, when challenged, to provide the flimsiest proof of any of his charges.

What the Nationalists have done is to take the Western European and American fear of Communism and to use it in order to establish powers for themselves which are as totalitarian as any Communist or Fascist State which has ever existed. The Act makes a gesture of defining Communism, which may be summarised any form of Left-wing revolution or "the encouragement of feelings of hostility between European and Non-European races." A Communist individual is defined as anyone who "advocates, advises, defends or encourages . . ." "any act or omission which is calculated to further" the objects of Communism.

The Minister of Justice has power to charge people with the crime of promoting Communism or with disobeying any of his orders for the banning of organisations, publications or meetings. The penalties range up to ten years' imprisonment. But the Minister also has much wider powers than that of making charges before a public court. The Communist Party itself has been declared unlawful without trial or appeal, the membership disbanded, and its property made subject to confiscation. The Government also has the power to decree any other organisation or individual or publication to be a supporter of Communism; and, in this case, the onus is upon the accused to prove innocence. Individuals can be expelled from all public offices, newspapers may be closed down, organisations dissolved, and the individuals or bodies then have the responsibility thrust upon them to petition the court to set aside such proclamations. In other words, they are guilty unless they can prove their innocence.

Of particular importance is the clause which identifies "the encouragement of the feelings of hostility between the European and Non-European races" with Communism. For the Nationalists openly accuse even the United Party members of being Communists when they oppose any detail of their schemes of *Apartheid*. The Government has now the power to declare any of its opponents, or any of the organisations which oppose it, to be furtherers of Communist ends, and to remove them completely from the political scene. This Act might well be more accurately termed as the Act for the suppression of dissident opinions, for its whole emphasis is upon the suppression of ideas which do not meet with the approval of the Nationalist Government. It is not irrelevant to recall the declared determination of Mr. Swart, now Minister of Justice that ". . . this British-Jewish democracy we must eradicate root and shoot," or of the Prime Minister himself, Dr. Malan, that " . . . for some time the Republican Government will have to have absolute authority in order to establish the Republic. Problems . . . . will have to be solved—problems which cannot be solved under the democratic machinery."

In this parliamentary session which has just ended, the Government has quite openly come to regard the whole parliamentary system as simply a means of putting a rubber stamp on its own ideology. The two fundamental measures which altered the whole life and tradition of the South African nation, the Group Areas Act and the Act for the Suppression of Communism, were rushed through Parliament in the last fortnight of the session. The formality of passing them through each stage was observed, but the time allocated to discussion and debate was only 52 hours and 30 hours respectively. By the use of the guillotine, the closure and the limitation of speeches, and in its denunciation of every form of opposition as obstructionist, the Government has revealed to the world its own belief that the legislature is simply there to endorse its own will. It is but a short step from that attitude to an interference in the independence of the Judiciary, and already the General Council of the Bar of South Africa has protested against the influencing of magistrates by Ministerial directives in the form of public statements by members of the Government on judicial sentences.

The passage of this session's legislation completes the establishment of the machinery of absolute dictatorship. That machinery has not yet been fully applied, but it would be wrong to assume that it will not be used. The different sections of the Non-European population are being driven closer together, and on June 26, for the first time in South African history, a united general strike of all Non-Europeans was attempted. Perhaps a fifth of the Non-European population took part in the strike, but its chief importance lay in the fact that it was conducted on a basis of Non-European unity. Unfortunately, little effective opposition can be expected, save from a handful of White liberals; the real battleground which has been prepared is one in which the bulk of the Europeans and Non-Europeans face each other with increasingly bitter hostility. In these circumstances there is no doubt whatever that the full powers of the dictatorial police State will be used by the present Government, and that any hope of understanding and compromise has been destroyed for many years to come.

Cape Town, S.A.

Abbey and Trostre

FROM a distance, it looks like a modern airport (the Brabazon hangar, perhaps) or a huge film studio. Through the smoke and the tangled chimneys of Neath and Port Talbot, you can see the enormous yellow blocks of corrugated iron stretching across the dunes by the sea, one building almost a mile long, the whole factory covering 550 acres. This is the Abbey Works of the Steel Company of Wales. Twenty-five miles away, outside Llanelly, is its Siamese twin, the Trostre tinplate plant. Covering 420 acres, its brick buildings are similar in design, silhouetted against the Loughor estuary and the blue hills of the Gower peninsula. Together, these two plants —now nearing completion—will absorb most of the £60 millions which has been allocated to the overdue modernisation of the South Wales sheet steel and tinplate industries.

The size of this project emphasises the cost of the industry's pre-war policies of restriction. When, in the 'Thirties, Sir William Firth was seeking to install the first continuous strip mill at the Richard Thomas works at Ebbw Vale he had to face obstruction. To-day, the industry is being forced to catch up and repair its past omissions. To meet the expense of this investment, the Steel Company of Wales was formed by pooling part of the assets of four firms—Guest Keen Baldwins, Richard Thomas and Baldwins, John Lysaght, and Llanelly Associated Tinplate—to the tune of ten million pounds; the pool consists of some eighteen tinplate works in West Wales, a sheet factory at Newport, and the existing steelworks at Margam, adjacent to the Abbey project. A further £15 million has been raised by a debenture issue and the remaining £35 million put up by the Finance Corporation.

The Abbey works is the centre of the scheme. From this beautifully designed plant, clean, well-lit, equipped with the latest machinery, will roll 20,000 tons of steel strip and plates every week. Running at over 2,000 feet a minute, the long rolling mill can produce coils of steel up to 72 inches wide (against 44 inches at Ebbw Vale) and between .08 and .048 inches thin.

There is a growing demand for such steel. It is needed, especially, for motor-car bodies, and the British automobile industry has been importing sheet from the United States for lack of domestic supplies. The more car bodies are made from a few pressings, the greater the need for wide steel strip. It is needed, too, for the tinplate industry, which requires large quantities of uniform strip, and is still largely dependent upon out-of-date handmills—"as old as Noah" said one tinplate worker, "and filthy, too." In fact, the supply of continuous strip for tinplating is a primary purpose of the whole scheme, and some 7,000 tons of strip a week will be sent from Margam to Trostre for the new electrolytic tinning process.

Construction of a plant on this scale was in itself a vast undertaking, the more so since the existing Margam works is being operated all the time that it is remodelled to fit in with the Abbey project. At the peak, 7,500 men were employed here, and there are still more than 5,000. Cross the special railway tracks, peer up at the giant cranes or down the great rolling shop, with the roll housings installed at one end while the structure is still going up at the other. Here are 46,000 tons of structural steelwork: below are more than 33,000 concrete piles, more than four million cubic yards of sand and slag—to fill in two lakes and raise the site about ten feet, above the old level—a large reservoir and a re-routed river. And there are similar, though somewhat smaller statistics for the Trostre site. Compare this with the olive-drab valleys behind, with archaic and dirty plants sprawled around pits and ports: consider the change since Dowlais crumbled through dereliction and there was neither work nor hope of work.

Yet every time an industry takes a great stride forward it creates economic strains and difficulties. To-day, in West Wales, as men watch these two plants going up, they ask what difference the Schuman Plan will make. Will there be too much steel? Will Abbey work at capacity while other plants close? Suppose the Plan goes through and Britain stays out—will the European cartel undercut British producers and blackmail them into joining the cartel by a combination of low prices for steel and high prices for essential imported ore? There is no one who can answer these questions. There is no one, again, who can give an adequate reply to the questions I have heard asked in Llanelly, a town that depends almost wholly on tinplate, about the future of the existing tinplate industry.

Technically and economically, the new plant at Trostre is superior to anything else in this country. Apart from the Ebbw Vale tinplate, the Welsh output comes from the pack mills, using old-fashioned methods. The work is often unpleasant—the men have successfully pressed for six-hour shifts and complain of physical overexertion—and the product frequently unsuitable for present requirements. But Trostre will replace the pack mill and hot tinning processes by cold reduction and electrolytic tinning, employ fewer men, and produce more cheaply. What will happen to the old works?

If the demand for tinplate remains high, if markets—in the words of Capt. H. Leighton Davies, the assistant managing director of the S.C.W.—can be "grabbed" now, then the "old works may keep going for a number of years." In any case, some of the steel from Abbey will be sent to the pack mills for tinning, either for small quantities or special orders. But it may well happen that Trostre and Ebbw Vale between them will be able to meet the bulk of the demand. In that case, as many as 10,000 workers could soon become redundant, most of them in the Llanelly district. This, of course, was one reason why Llanelly was chosen as the site of the tinplate works, on "sociological" grounds, when about £250,000 had already been spent on preparing another site near Swansea—a better site, and more convenient for the Margam Abbey plant. Yet nothing seems to have been done to prepare alternative work for these men. Trostre certainly cannot employ more than a fraction of them. In a speech at Port Talbot, in March, Mr. W. F. Cartwright, the general manager of the S.C.W. Steel Division, looked ahead. While Port Talbot would benefit from the project, he said "it meant misfortune to others. It was obvious that, with modern methods at the new works, fewer men would produce more sheet steel and tinplate. While Port Talbot prospered, it would mean that others would suffer, and the town could count itself lucky to be at the receiving end, not the losing end."

But what is to be done for those at the "losing end"? True, technical progress should not be halted because it will make existing capital plant obsolete and workers redundant. Yet we cannot complacently contemplate thousands of men, a whole area, finding itself at the "losing end." Some plans have to be made for them. One suggestion is that a canning plant should be set up near Trostre; and there are other light industries which use tinplate and could absorb men and women from the old works. It was to deal with situations such as this that the Government took powers to control the distribution of industry. Yet little attention has so far been paid to the future of the West Wales tinplate men. It is not the concern of the Steel Company of Wales, so long as it remains a private enterprise. But it is, or should be the concern of a Government which has endorsed the project and may soon own it.

The confusion and obscurity that surround this issue illustrate the uncertainty about the future of British steel. Output is being rapidly increased, and much capital invested, at a time when there is considerable talk of a surplus—unless rearmament absorbs it—within Europe as a whole. Is there any realistic assessment of market requirements up to and beyond 1952? Steel could be rationalised by closing marginal plants, and prices could be brought down by reducing total output. But is that what we want? And if that is the end ultimately in view—as it could be under the Schuman Plan—what preparations are being made properly to deal with the consequent surplus of men and plant? To ask these questions is to find that no one answers them. Llanelly and Port Talbot might be better places for British Socialists to start discussions of the Schuman Plan than London or Paris.

Swansea. NORMAN MACKENZIE

Under the Austrian Counter

BRITISH visitors here in Vienna are often shocked at the contrast between the nylons, cakes with whipped cream, bananas, and the profusion of imported luxury goods stacked in the shop windows, and the tragic legion of one-armed and one-legged ex-soldiers in the streets. A leading Austrian economist said to me bitterly: "There's no profit in supplying false legs; but there's plenty in covering two sound ones with sheer nylons. My country has not yet developed a feeling of social responsibility." He went on to talk depressingly of the Babbitt snobbery which leads, among well-to-do Viennese spivs, to hot competition in "fiddling" permits to purchase large shiny American cars. "Fifty-five makes of car are being imported at present. Waste of dollars? Of course; but then the country believes that the Americans will always keep on paying up."

Unkind critics declare that Austria has become Europe's finest blackmailer. As a pawn in the Cold War, she has received Marshall Aid on so generous a scale—nearly

$450 millions so far—that it might seem to have been assessed, not in proportion to her size or needs, but in order to constitute an effective bribe against "going Communist." It is only fair to observe that, thanks to dollar aid, industrial production has risen encouragingly from 88 per cent, in 1948, to 130 per cent of its pre-war level. Moreover, the E.P.A. officials have done a fine job in teaching new methods to the peasants; and, if the old system of strip farming could be abolished, and a greater degree of peasant co-operation introduced, Austria would have a chance of re-gaining her pre-war ability to grow 80 per cent. of the food she eats. But without entering deeply into high Occupation policy, a visitor cannot help noting that nearly 40 per cent. of Austria's food is now bought from abroad, that far too much Marshall Aid has been spent on luxuries, and that the country badly needs a moral spring-cleaning.

No one, least of all the Austrians themselves, would dream of denying this. Unfortunately, the Occupation has provided an ideal excuse for social sins. Until the four foreign armies depart, there will be no real motive for Austrians to put their house in order: business "under-the-counter" pays better. With the endless delays and difficulties entailed by Four-Power administration, illegal and highly profitable short-cuts become an irresistible temptation to traders, while smuggling is bound to flourish as long as the lorries and goods trains of four armies continue to cross frontiers with immunity from Customs control. And the prevailing atmosphere of "underground" business inevitably affects Austria's vast, underpaid and traditionally bribable civil service.

The shabby Austrian civil servant, sitting in his magnificent office, with its high ceilings and double doors dating back to the heyday of the Empire, is a national joke, a national disease. It is not difficult to see the causes of financial frailty. An Under-Secretary of State earns about £40 a month (though he and his family may live in a palatial apartment costing only £2 a month in rent), and a First Secretary's monthly salary is about £15. Moreover, an official nearing the age of retirement will have sworn loyalty to five different regimes. Each time he has changed his allegiance, it has been more important to disguise the nature of his real political views, should he have any left. Time after time he has seen his savings disappear in currency collapses, and he has probably never outgrown the belief that Austria, truncated, cannot survive. All this makes for cynicism; and he is unlikely to be either surprised or pained if he finds that his junior colleague, earning little over £10 a month, has come to rely on small bribes for the butter on his bread. After all, he is rarely extortionate.

Responsible business men—not to mention worried rank and file members of the Socialist Party—with whom I have talked in Vienna are almost unanimous in the view that, when the Empire went, Austria's only chance was to become the main "market town" for Central and South-Eastern Europe. To-day even that chance seems to have gone; and, even with American assistance to modernise her industries, Austria (they said) has little prospect of being able to compete successfully in Western markets. Long-term pessimism in business circles is such that there is a serious flight of Austrian capital abroad; and people are unwilling to invest capital in new plant—especially anywhere near the Soviet Zone. The Korean situation has increased this reluctance to a marked degree. Indeed, Korea produced conditions resembling panic: Government officials bought gold, their wives rushed out to buy food to hoard, and the Nazis talked more loudly than ever of the chance of getting back into uniform. "German machines are better than American, and Germans are not afraid to die. This time we are bound to win." This was said in a friend's hearing by a young railway porter; and he was expressing a disquietingly common view. Revival of National Socialism in Austria is an ugly by-product of the Cold War.

At Linz, I visited the great steel works now managed by Dr. Richter-Brohm. At the gate stood a smart guard in soldierly uniform with black boots. To the casual eye he might have been a particularly well-set up Austrian policeman. He was not. Dr. Brohm is permitted to recruit a private police force for his works—Austria's largest industrial asset. As I passed the guard, I noticed that his belt still showed a mark where the Swastika had been.

HELEN GOSSE

Vienna, July.

An Individualist

EARLY in 1946, when the French forces were re-occupying Cochin-China, the villagers of Bien Dong heard that the troops were coming their way. To be on the safe side they hid themselves, and the soldiers, following the procedure laid down for such cases, burned the village before moving on. Thereafter, the people of Bien Dong spent several months in uncomfortable dispersion, living on shrimps and undersized fish they caught in irrigation ditches. Finally, a literate member of their number happened to pick up a propaganda leaflet inviting all such homeless people to go back to the remains of their villages and make a fresh start. A military post would be established in each village, the leaflet said, and in this way they would be protected from future inconveniences.

Most of the peasants felt a sentimental attachment for the locality of their ancestral tombs, so that, as soon as the news got round, people began to stream into the village again and to start work rebuilding their houses. They were surprised to find themselves under the protection of not one post, but two—built on opposite sides of the village. One was a neat brick tower put up by the French, and garrisoned for them by their Vietnamese auxiliaries. The other, a primitive log-built affair, was occupied by Caodaist militia. The Caodaists are a militant religious sect, formed in the 'twenties in Southern Indo-China. They have applied Catholic organisation to a hotch-potch of Buddhism, magic, and ancestor-worship. They also practise spiritualism, and include the non-fictional works of Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle among their sacred books. It is said that they aim at nothing short of the eventual conversion of the whole of Asia, and that, in support of this ambition, they have shown a masterly grasp of the economics of a militant faith.

The people of Bien Dong found that the Caodaist troops were under the orders of a bishop of the sect, acknowledged by the faithful as one of the multiple re-incarnations of Victor Hugo. They were enchanted to find that, although the Vietnamese auxiliaries levied the usual contributions, the Caodaists piously abstained from collecting the expected toll. However, as soon as the work of rebuilding was complete, the bishop summoned the notables and informed them of the village's conversion to Caodaism. He went on to explain that vegetarianism was a tenet of the new faith, and that henceforward all fish caught in the paddy-fields and streams would be sold to enable them to assist financially in the proselytising labours of the church. The notables, now deacons, nodded their heads in stunned agreement and went off to an evening meal of rice and vegetables.

The villagers were just getting over this shock when the new troubles began. The next village, about two miles away, practised a ferocious brand of Catholicism. Since the time when, in 1840, the last of the missionaries in those parts had been dismembered by order of the Emperor, this community had lived in a spiritual vacuum, and the canon had somewhat degenerated. In accordance with French policy of arming religious minorities against the presumably atheistic Viet-Minh, the Catholics had been given weapons and had fortified their village with a stockade and a moat. They had given up cultivating their rice-fields, and, led by a bloodthirsty old priest, previously notorious for administering corporal punishment in person to the erring females in his congregation, they were accustomed to sally forth at night to prey on isolated farms. One night they raided Bien Dong, carrying off a stock of paddy and three girls. The Vietnamese defenders of the brick tower regretted, when appealed to, that they had no orders to attack anyone but the Viet-Minh. The Caodaist bishop said that he would have to refer the matter to the Caodaist Pope, but in the meanwhile would hold a séance to obtain more precise information on the affair.

Feeling that the time had come to shelve their tradition of Buddhist non-resistance, the people of Bien Dong chose a champion from among their number, a certain Tran Van Lang. Van Lang was a biological curiosity, remarkable for his sheer bulk among people of notably slender stock. Besides being dour and uncouth in manner, he was quite illiterate. He had already fallen foul of the bishop by refusing to abandon the practise of eating the semi-incubated eggs for which he had an inordinate passion. Van Lang persuaded the defenders of one of the many posts in the vicinity to sell him their rifles, after which, terrifying them with a picture of their probable fate when their superiors found out, he got them to join forces with him. Next night he attacked the Catholics, choosing for the assault the hour when vigilance was known to be relaxed owing to their habit of gathering in the church to sing canticles. The Catholics were routed, and their fortifications demolished, and Van Lang and his men returned to Bien

Dong with a great store of arms. Following this the bishop was invited to remove his seat elsewhere, and the population reverted forthwith to their carnivorous habits.

Van Lang now set about rebuilding one of the brick houses that had not been completely destroyed, adding, however, a turret, in which he installed a permanent look-out with a machine-gun. When several of the ex-deacons began to follow suit, he talked them into the necessity of similar defensive arrangements. Van Lang contracted for the building, and supplied the guards from his private army. An ex-deacon who thought such precautions excessive had hand-grenades thrown through his window, supposedly by one of the Viet-Minh patrols that occasionally passed through at night. There were one or two landlords with bad records who were afraid of putting their noses outside their houses, for fear of being kidnapped by the Viet-Minh and detained in the *Plaine des Joncs* for a period of "re-education." In such cases, Van Lang provided bodyguards, stipulating a minimum of four men. A new paddy de-corticating mill was obliged to invest in the most expensive defence system, plus a dozen permanent guards. Additional sources of revenue were levies on the lorries of the Chinese merchants passing through the village, a percentage on the toll charges at the local ferries, and the occasional requisition of the cargo of one of the canal junks. As this was known as "keeping order," Van Lang was soon promoted to the headship of a canton of villages.

In keeping with his new authority, the reception room of his house is always decorated with the best artificial flowers, and has been dignified with pillars of precious wood from Tonkin, costing 3,000 piastres each. The furniture is strictly functional in design, but as a concession to local taste the original plain surfaces have been encrusted with mother-of-pearl. An affair like an umbrella-stand occupies the centre of the room. This was designed by Van Lang himself, and visitors hang their rifles and Sten guns on it. Van Lang receives his guests dressed in the flowered-silk gown of one of the mandarins of the old school, a slight bulge at one side denoting the position of a heavy automatic. Champagne and sweet biscuits are invariably served, and the new *Chef de Canton*, now literate, murmurs a few complimentary phrases in French.

In Indo-China the present belongs to such outstanding individualists as Van Lang—and there are many of them. They have always come up in the troublous times, and the most capable usually ended their days as provincial governors. But at this moment the future is somewhat obscure. There is no guarantee of what might be described as a stable condition of disorder. The thunder of distant artillery has recently been heard once again in Bien Dong, and Van Lang knows that a regrettable national unity will be the certain outcome of victory by the other side. He has noted uneasy stirrings among the bureaucrats in the service of the present Vietnamese government. Sensing with their politicians' intuition that the golden age may be drawing to a close, they are showing a tendency to sell up their possessions and get the proceeds safely away to France. Unfortunately for Van Lang, he is not cut out for strategic withdrawals. In a general stampede men of action of his type would certainly be left to face the music, which—to put it at the mildest—would mean a very long period indeed of re-education.

NORMAN LEWIS

So They Say . . .

ONE of the qualifications of a quality newspaper is presumably that, unlike its more popular contemporaries, it does not run sensational stories based on flimsy and uncorroborated reports. At a time, then, when tension is steadily rising in the Far East between China, the United States, and Britain over Formosa, the *Sunday Times*' main front page story last Sunday seemed hasty :—

> MOLOTOV REPORTED IN PEKING TO CONFER WITH COMMUNIST LEADER—FEARED AIM IS PRESSURE ON CHINESE TO FIGHT IN KOREA. Tokyo, Saturday—Mr. Molotov . . . accompanied by senior military and political advisers, has arrived in Peking and is conferring with Mao Tse-tung, head of the Chinese Communist regime. This report, received here to-day, is based on intelligence which the Australian Embassy is informing Canberra it regards as "completely trustworthy."

The story continued, with full panoply of "diplomatic correspondent" and supporting report (CHINESE THREAT TO MARCH ON TIBET), to describe Allied "alarm" at the presence of "the evil genius of the Korean war." A cross-check on the spot by the correspondent who sent the story, would, however, have elicited the comment which appeared in the *Daily Herald* on Monday :—

> Australian Government representatives in Japan said it was an "outrageous lie" to suggest they had stated that Molotov was in Peking. "None of us spoke to anybody about it—or ever heard of it before it was published in Sunday newspapers," they said.

The *Daily Telegraph* also unfeelingly disposed of its stable-companion's story with the comment that it was regarded in London "with scepticism."

Forever England

Daily Mirror, August 7 :—

> About forty miles north of Strasbourg to-day . . . . both the French and German frontier poles were torn down and publicly burned. . . . With their green and white European Unity flags unfurled around the flames, people shouted, "I am from Berlin, in Europe," "I am from Brighton, in Europe . . . ."

Daily Mail, August 7 :—

> The only slip-up was when the British representative said : "I come from Brighton, England."

Between Soup and Savoury ?

The Times, August 2 :—

> . . . the company included the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Harold Wilson . . . Mrs. Barbara Castle, Parliamentary Secretary to the President of the Board of Trade, spoke on behalf of Mr. Wilson, who was unable to be present.

AUTOLYCUS

Reflections on the Literary Life

IN the 'Thirties I got into the habit of writing reviews. I do not think I reviewed better or worse than most reviewers, and I tried to be fair. On looking back, I see that instead of considering the book as a whole often I was too ready to take up certain points I agreed or disagreed with, and make them the subject of my review. If I read a book with the idea of writing a review, I approached it with a different attitude of mind from when I read out of simple curiosity. As a reviewer, when reading I was, as it were, interrupting what the writer had to say, by the pressure of my need to write my few hundred words, and this had much the same effect as not listening to someone's remarks because one is thinking how to answer them.

Once I had become deeply involved in the literary profession, I could not help approaching the works of all but a very few of my contemporaries, either in a spirit of rivalry, or by identifying my aims with theirs. Gone were the days when I read every new book which had been recommended to me, as it were open-mouthed, and expecting manna to fall. Now that I myself had appeared in print, I was like the owner of a race horse, who watches not only the performance of his own entrant but also keeps a sharp eye on the methods of other trainers.

It never occurred to me that anything I wrote might annoy the author I was reviewing. That he or anyone else should attach importance to my opinions appeared to me so unlikely that I often overstated them. But at a later date I knew so many writers and had experienced their hurt sensibilities so often that I lost my nerve in a way, and found myself unwilling to criticise the work of those I knew personally : not that I was frightened, but because I did not see how to do so without a certain awareness of the writer's personality entering into my own writing which would destroy its objectivity.

A part of my literary experience was not just reviewing but being reviewed. Here I showed all the vulnerability which I believed impossible with other writers. The good reviews which I received sometimes gave me a sense of being recognised with that warmth which is truly encouraging, but more often that of having scraped by the reviewer's defences, with all my glaring faults. Adverse criticism was a terrible blow to me in my early days, and I still find adverse criticism of my poetry extremely discouraging. In fact, I think that it is more difficult for a poet than for other kinds of writer to "take" criticism. It is impossible to "prove" that a poem is good, and a refusal to enter into the illusion created by a poem, demonstrates that the poet has failed to communicate, at least with the reviewer. A poem succeeds completely or not at all.

Gradually I came to realise that the reviews which a writer receives are less his business than anyone else's. They are a kind of conversation which goes on behind his back. Reviewers do not address themselves to writers but to readers. To overhear conversations

behind his back is more disconcerting than useful to the writer; though he can perhaps search out criticism in it which may really help him to remedy faults in style. But he should remember that the tendency of reviewers is to criticise work not for what it is but for what it fails to be, and it is not necessarily true that he should remedy this by trying to become other than he is. Thus, in my own experience, I have wasted time by paying heed to criticisms that I had no skill in employing rhyme. This led me to attempt rhyme, whereas I should have seen that the moral for me was to avoid it.

Economically, I found that there is much in common between the career of a writer and that of a gambler. A poem, "I think continually of those who were truly great," which was refused by several literary editors to whom I sent it, was subsequently chosen to represent me in every anthology, and has made more money than any other poem I have written. On the whole, it holds true that a writer is paid best for doing his worst work; although sometimes, as in the case of the poem I have just mentioned, he may, almost accidentally, express, in a form which attracts a wide public, some idea which has great significance to him. To-day, a special temptation of writers is that they can live largely by giving their views about subjects of which they know little. Because there is a popular idea that the writers are "wise," and since the public is not interested in the particular form in which this wisdom is best expressed, they are expected to be omniscient about any subjects, which interest the public, such as Higher Education, Euthanasia, and the Atom Bomb. A Brains Trust of Misapplied Brains is the prevalent idea of the function of writers, and this is encouraged by an enormous machinery for misdirecting creative energy.

I became involved in obligations to editors and publishers, accepting suggestions as to what I should write, instead of carrying out my original plans for novels, poems and stories. I began in my own mind to divide my work into three categories: poetry, my vocation; books about things which interested me, on subjects of which were sometimes suggested by publishers; journalism, often hurriedly written.

This division of labour was not really satisfactory, for the reason that a creative writer should always write out of the inner necessity of a unique occasion. Not to do this, is to risk paying a price. The labour which he puts into studies not essential to his inner development, and the shoddiness of journalism, overflow into his creative work and confuse his sensibility. Or if these things do not happen, his best work becomes too obviously hedged off and separated from the rest.

Circumstances combined to make me attach too much importance to my opinions. For my views as critic, as journalistic observer, and as amateur politician, were all in demand, and sometimes the pressure to express them was not just economic, but came from events themselves, such as the need to take sides against Fascism.

I found that my own views, however strongly held, bored me as soon as they were uttered. I realised that they concerned things which other people could express better, or that they arose out of the irritation of the moment, like an angry telegram. The effect of publishing too many opinions was like an inflation of the currency of my reputation, not only for others but—which was more serious—for myself. Before I published a line I felt a kind of awe at the idea of my own writing. Later I lost a good deal of this, and only recently have I determined to act so as to regain it. My resolution was rather banal; to take much greater pains over everything, including journalism, and to publish no poems for several years, so that I could keep my poetry in a kind of isolation away from my other activities.

There is something about the literary life which, although it offers the writer freedom and honour enjoyed by very few, at the same time brings him a cup of bitterness with every meal. There is too much betrayal, there is a general atmosphere of intellectual disgrace, writers have to make too many concessions in order to support themselves and their families, the successful acquire an air of being elevated into public figures and therefore having lost their own personalities, the unsuccessful are too spiteful and vindictive and cliquey, and even the greatest, when they are attacked, reveal themselves often as touchy and vain. I think that almost every writer secretly feels that the literary career is not worthy of the writer's vocation. For this vocation resembles that of the religious, and yet few writers reflect this in their way of living.

Perhaps though, the writers belong to an order which is not only plunged in the world, but actually belongs to it and has to do so. Literature has its purists, both in work and life, but it would grow devitalised with more than a few of these in each generation, and some of the greatest writers (Dostoevsky, Balzac, even Yeats) have involved themselves in controversy and journalism in their time.

If success is corrupting, failure is narrowing. What a writer really needs is a success of which he then purges himself. The writer's life should, in fact, be one of entering into external things and then withdrawing himself from them. Without entering in, he lacks experience of the world; and if he cannot withdraw, he is carried away on the impulse of literary politics, success, and the literary career.

STEPHEN SPENDER

SONNET

Out of the raw materials of verse,
Great writers' words, all nature, reason, women,
The poem resolves into the superhuman
The pure description with the praise or curse.

But often now I find proposed a smaller
Problem the summer's brilliance sets an art:
In their relation to the sensing heart
To state the elements of light and colour.

Once more the river with the sunlight on it,
Willows, the glowing air—a usual scene—
Draw all my mind and eyes, compelling to

Efforts to fuse into some lucid sonnet
Marvell's absorption into local green,
Mallarmé's cry for supernatural blue.

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Arts and Entertainment

SUMMER SHOWS

THIS is the season when the art critic, as well as the politician, talks of paper control, for this is the season when galleries become multiple stores and show too many pictures, for comfort, by too many different and diverse artists. So far, the Gimpel, Hanover, Leicester, Mayor, Redfern and St. George's galleries have opened their summer shows. To save words I shall sometimes attach only the initial letters of these galleries to the works mentioned—a fraction only of what is to be seen, for by the end of August these galleries and one or two others will have shown over fifteen hundred pictures.

Scattered here and there, particularly at the Leicester and Redfern, are pictures out of our English Impressionist and Post-Impressionist past—to use the word concocted by Roger Fry which meant something in 1910 and is now so misleading. Confronting each other at the Redfern are a late Gilman, "The Verandah" and a Gertler, "The Pool, Garsington Manor." The Gilman betrays his enthusiasm for Van Gogh but is a minor triumph of that kind of knowledge which can give such an influence its justification, a knowledge of the workings of colour which few English artists have surpassed. The Gertler, on the other hand, born of Cézanne and the earliest phase of Cubism, is a mere knocking of a conventional experience into a modern shape. A small bust portrait of his mother by the same artist (L) is more tender and less oppressively modelled than the famous and over-praised portrait in the Tate. Within much the same generation Ethel Walker's "Blue Dress" (R) shows that she has painted at times better than any other English impressionist except Sickert. The quite unforced command of construction and the balance of form, light, and the handling of pigment in this picture is something which Wilson Steer, for example, never achieved.

Sutherland is represented in force in these exhibitions by works from almost every period, and although this is not the time to consider such a remarkable artist in detail, the impression grows that his recent painting has not strengthened his position among contemporary artists. The move from the English landscape into a Southern one, from the rocks and gorse and tree forms of Wales and Cornwall to the vine pergolas, the palms and the absolute colour of the South of France, has accentuated his weaknesses rather than developed his strength. Sutherland has never been a good designer. The haunting power of his pictures has rested in the force of the images written on the picture surface with that black lava flow-line dribbling from the point of his pen or brush, and not at all from the volumes, spaces and intervals which they involve. Judged from traditional European standards his paintings have always been rudimentary. He has never been a remarkable colourist, though he has often discovered some livid green or shrill pink which, attached to the drawn image, has given it some additional force. But none of the more recent images seems to me so compelling as those which he found in the English landscape and certainly not the "Cranes" (L), the birds, that is, which have already been seen in the more appropriate medium of tapestry.

There are two excellent early Ben Nicholson's—"Guitar" (R), and "Bocque" (L). The first, apart from its charming colour, hangs upon the absolutely right relationship of the body of the guitar and the varicoloured ball lying beside it—the balance is as effective as the big and little wheel of a penny-farthing bicycle. The other picture is admirable in its intervals and in its subtle shifting of planes, which has been a consistent theme of his work at all periods. Ten years ago by reason of his belief in abstraction, Ben Nicholson was a completely lonely figure in

English Art. Since then, the number of abstract painters and sculptors has increased and this tendency dominates the exhibition at Gimpel's where a group of Paris abstracts is shown with the English ones. Most of these pictures have not the objective, logical construction of a Mondrian, a Nicholson or a Magnelli but are lyrical or emotional. "Nuit à Dieppe" by Singier, or "Les ponts de Bruges" by Manessier, are abstractions from impressionism and the paintings of Viera da Silva (G and R) might be called abstractions from Piranesi's world of spaces and perspectives. While in Hartung the shapes have a dramatic personality. If abstraction is to gain the ascendency over a younger generation of English artists, it would seem most natural that they should move in this direction, towards the metaphysics of Kandinsky and of the artists I have just mentioned, rather than towards the physics of Mondrian. Outstanding among the English abstracts is the work of William Gear, and among those he is at present showing, his landscape at the Leicester Galleries.

I will end by mentioning two eccentric works, eccentric if only because they defy a critic's shorthand of categories. Carol Weight's "Conservative Garden Party" (L) and Merlyn Evans's "The Gaol" (L). As Hogarth turned to a comic purpose the conventions of the seventeenth-century genre picture and conversation piece, so Weight has made out of one of his best landscapes with figures, one of his most subtle and most amusing pieces of social comment. The Merlyn Evans' is the best picture I have seen by him.

BASIL TAYLOR

THE GENTLE GUNMAN

THE Arts Theatre, enterprising as always, are presenting during August a new play by a comparatively new playwright: *The Gentle Gunman*, by Roger MacDougall. It is a most entertaining and interesting play which raises hopes about its author. The action takes place on both sides of the frontier of Ulster, and its conflict is centred in the activities of some I.R.A. Rebels in 1942. Three years earlier one of their number, Terence Sullivan, went across to direct the activities of the I.R.A. in England. Two of his thug underlings were caught and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; Terence Sullivan then gave up—so it seemed—his rebel activity and settled down in England. When the play opens the two convicted prisoners are being transferred from a Liverpool to an Ulster gaol; and in a garage in Eire the rebels are planning an attempt to free them at the dockside.

The rebels, led by a fanatic, include among their number Sullivan's kid brother, now a young man of twenty or so. And in upon there deliberations marches the reformed Sullivan himself. He has learnt a number of lessons from living in England and has come to convey them if he can to his young brother. The life of a rebel Irish gunman, he wants to persuade him, is nasty, brutish and short; and the exploit of freeing the prisoners—into which, to save his brother, he too, gets drawn—reinforces his argument.

I emphasise the story because the tale is well told. The author has that comparatively rare thing on the stage, a good narrative sense, and personally I hope he'll be encouraged to develop that before his other gifts. His sense of humour is lively, but he is not always very tactful in his use of it. In a doctor's surgery, where the young brother's best friend is dying with a broken back, there are kinds of jokes which are best saved up—for once they have been made, it is impossible to restore the atmosphere. Then, Mr. MacDougall dearly loves an argument. But his arguments are not original. I do not mean that they are silly in the least, but they do not stand on their own, and he is a little inclined to try and let them. There is one most effective short exchange of argument between the leader of the rebels and the judge who originally sentenced the thugs, and who, on holiday in Ireland, has got himself kidnapped. But the effectiveness here depends, not on the arguments, but on the situation on which they are a comment.

What essentially weakens the interest of this play (and here I suggest it needs rewriting) is the lack of depth or width in the main character, the reformed rebel. He can easily enough condemn the life of a gunman, but he has really nothing to offer to put in its place. And if indeed he has nothing, then he must face that much more frankly, more deeply. Or alternatively, the author must'nt so strongly press (I don't see why he need) his reformism. Let him come to rescue only. As it is there is a touch of schoolboy "pi"-ness about his attitude. In general, Mr. MacDougall has not learned to give anything but a surface life to his characters. That he does, and for his supporting cast, that is enough. But into characters concerned with moral issues we must delve a little deeper.

But I should not, by these criticisms, like to deter anyone from visiting a play, which, even as it is, will provide them with a very amusing and interesting evening; and I have left myself space only to congratulate without distinction the large, clever cast, headed by Henry Hewitt, E. J. Kennedy, Robin Bailey and Michael Golden, who are very well produced by Roy Rich.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

IN the past two years the Third Programme has done us very well with productions of recent translations of Greek tragedy—very properly, since, if the number of new translations is any guide, we are living in a period of revived interest in classical drama. Of all these recent translations, one of the earliest, Mr. MacNeice's version of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, seems to me to remain the best, at any rate as poetry. I wish, therefore, that I could have better liked Mr. Raymond Raikes's production of it the other day. Mr. Raikes is one of the best producers at the B.B.C., and with Miss Sonia Dresdel as Clytemnestra, Mr. Julian Somers as Agamemnon and Mr. Carleton Hobbs as the leader of the chorus, he had a strong cast at his disposal. Yet something was wrong, wrong from the beginning. There was in my view a clash of modes. The watchman, for instance, was played as something nearly approaching an aged rustic: one could almost see the tip of the false beard wagging through the loudspeaker. Miss Dresdel, it seemed to me, gave us a good piece of Ibsen. But the real trouble lay with the chorus: it would burst into song, very dignified song, of course, but song for all that; and one was suddenly in a different convention. This meant that the form of the play was blurred, its impact broken. Drama of the austerity of Aeschylus must be played austerely.

The adaptation of books and stories for radio has by now become a major literary industry, and to judge by the quality of most adaptations it represents pretty easy money for the adaptors. Mr. Denis Cannan's version of *Headlong Hall*, however, was as good an adaptation as I have heard. Peacock's conversations, of course, practically speak themselves, but to bring out, without hopelessly distorting the original, the dramatic structure implicit in the novel is another matter, and it was here that Mr. Cannan succeeded so well. It was a most delightful broadcast, with the actors, for once having speeches crackling with wit to deliver, obviously enjoying themselves. Mr. Anthony Jacob's Mr. Escot was particularly good.

The value of adaptations such as this, the immediate merit of entertainment apart, seems to me to lie in the guidance they can offer to people writing for radio to-day. If there is a future for radio drama and the radio feature, it may well be as an off-shoot of the novel. It won't, I think, come from documentary radio. The Rev. R. J. Bowyer's feature, *Not Gainfully Occupied*, broadcast in the *First Hearing* series, is a case in point. The theme was a fascinating one: the function of the priest in modern society, in a society, in other words, which doesn't particularly want him and in which many of his traditional duties have been taken over by the State. I am afraid very little emerged from Mr. Bowyer's script, and mainly because it was too generalised. But one wasn't moved or even very much interested because Mr. Bowyer's clergyman didn't live as a human being. Imagination hadn't done its work. Mr. Bowyer went wrong, I believe, in thinking of his subject primarily in terms of a radio feature. If he had thought of it in terms of a novel first of all, he might have ended up with a feature that would have expanded the listener's area of sympathy.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

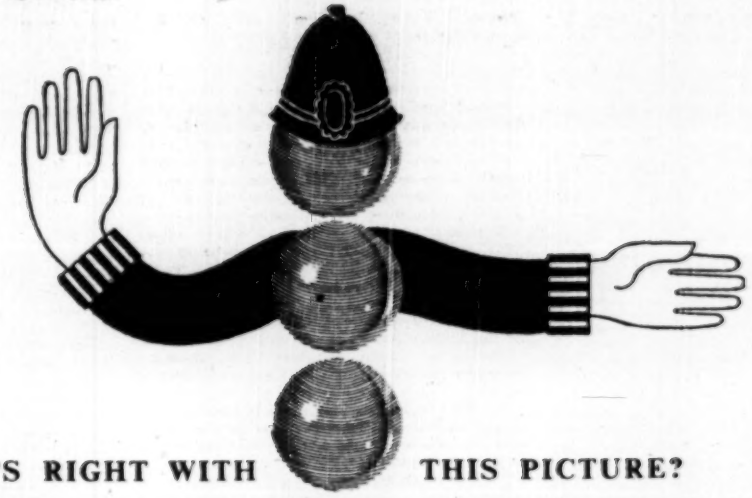
"Trio," at the Leicester Square
"Rocketship XM," at the London Pavilion
"The True Face of Japan," at the Odeon

Trio offers a further instalment of Mr. Maugham. He appears, aged seventy-six, in person—on the screen, that is to say: half the attraction of these films is their magazine approach. So there he is, in a distant window seat, looking towards us and waiting (but without fidgets) for the camera to advance; which it does very slowly indeed, in the Hitchcock manner of a tortoise discovering its lettuce-leaf; meanwhile the novelist greets us, introduces a few comments on fiction and life, and (our delightfully wicked uncle, growing ever larger) hopes we'll enjoy his film, the success of which he must, however, leave to us, etc. This may not be quite so lively or quotable a Maugham as last time (in fact, very definitely not), but he does the trick, and he professionalises himself, as always, beautifully. Such is the spell that each of the three following stories can start by opening the book, finding the page, and spelling out the first sentence, and this weariest of film clichés does no more than further impress on us a social occasion: meeting Mr. Maugham.

The stories themselves—or rather two out of the three—come off pretty well; and even the first, about the verger of a fashionable church, dismissed for illiteracy, who then makes a fortune out of sweet-shops, lovingly cottonwools its neat tale. Far livelier—and more removed from the smell of print—is another anecdote: "Mr. Knowall," an unbearable, bouncing Britisher (of, possibly, Roumanian origin) who cannot help thinking himself very much the most popular man in the first-class. He has a horrible compulsion for his fellow-passengers, quiet professional men and their wives; and the part has been grasped by Nigel Patrick with both overgenial hands. This anecdote has a very nice twist to it, which I shan't give away, since it reveals an essential part of the bounder's character, that has been forced on us gradually and almost without our knowing. This is one of the best of Mr. Maugham's superficial sketches.

"Sanatorium," the last of the three—again an interplay of strangers bundled together—develops rather more solidly and introduces (we have his word for it) Mr. Maugham himself at forty. The "I" of the narrative becomes Mr. Roland Culver, arriving at a sanatorium in Scotland, curably consumptive, incurably fascinated by the lives of his fellow-patients. Two old Scots fight a running battle up and down stairs and over the chess-table; two gentlewomen knit scandal in a corner; a husband mercilessly nags the wife who visits him; a young couple get married, knowing that it will mean death for one and lifelong illness for the other. And getting well quickly himself, and sympathetically sharing the miseries and transports of those he will leave behind, walks the novelist who will put them into print and celluloid. I haven't ever read the story myself, but on the screen it presumes enough Maugham to be memorable. Miss Jean Simmons as one of the tragic lovers makes the most, with her dark eyes, of a pallor uneasily lit with pertness. While *Trio* doesn't quite come to *Quartet*, I never found it boring.

Nor is *Rocketship XM* boring for one moment: it starts by building up a genuine thrill with the



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To M. Macaulay
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first piloted rocket taking off for the moon, and thereafter delights us with adventures and a dialogue so brash that one longs for them to reach Mars (they've missed the Moon, by the way) if only to hear what they'll say when they get there. *Four Men and a Woman in Space* should be the title.

The week's best film-making is *The True Face of Japan*, a concise, varied, and unbiased inquiry into "democratic" Japan and its problems, for which we have to thank *The Modern Age*. If fate of this magazine still hangs in the balance, this excellent piece of journalism should tip the scales in its favour. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Variety, at the Palladium

It is desperately old-fashioned, no doubt, to feel that crooners are not the soul of variety: or that they should not—to be less outrageous—top the bill. It would be impossible, of course, to have Mr. Frank Sinatra anywhere else. His appeal is egregious. Even if his particular brand of singing should fail to "draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek" one is left quite confident that his quite irresistible college-boy charm would all too easily "make Hell grant what Love did seek." Mr. Donald Peers who heads the current bill at the Palladium does not, for all his obvious sunshine appeal, quite in the same way allay the doubts. One wants him interspersed with the men on tightropes tossing Indian clubs or spinning phosphorescent discs from every limb, like the brilliant José Moreno: or sandwiched between Tarzans twirling one another from their teeth and the flashing black Nicholas Brothers with their sinuous vitality. These feats of splendidly useless skill are the framework of variety. But it is the comics who are its soul. Costello, the star turn of the last programme, was a magnificent clown in the old music hall tradition. Some complain that his act was stale. Maybe, but it's the way it's put over that counts, and Costello is a master. Held over from the same programme and so still to be seen this fortnight is a young English comedian, Mr. Max Bygraves, who has all the air of being *the* coming comic. With the easiest of stage manners he drops devastating little stories into the microphone or lazily parodies Mr. Sinatra. His miming is a delight, restrained and original; his four types of dart player is a perfect piece of comic observation. From first to last he has the audience completely in his hands. T. C. W.

'All's Well That Ends Well," at the Arts, Cambridge

When this play was published in the Cambridge edition in 1929, both editors followed the traditional critical attitude by condemning it outright. "One of Shakespeare's worst," declared Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Even Dover Wilson could only postulate an unknown reviser "with a passion for sententious couplets and a mind running on sexual disease." As for Parolles, "Q," referring to Act I, Scene i, thought Shakespeare had degraded Helena by allowing her to remain alone in the same room with him. Besides this, there was the feeling that Helena's man-hunt, while allowable in Boccacio and commendable in Mr. Shaw, was unworthy of a "sympathetic" Shakespearian heroine. To see the play after an interval of 10 years is to wonder what all the fuss was about—the more so, perhaps, since Donald Beves's Marlowe Society production, despite many witty touches, is a deliberate attempt to sweeten the comedy and confirm Archer's "fairy-tale" definition. That Mr. Beves almost succeeds is largely owing to Anne Percival-Smith who plays Helena as a devout and devoted spouse rather than a determined and predatory young woman. Peter Wood's Bertram is a cleverly contrived study of wooden gaucheness and David King is a moving King of France. Elsewhere, the characterisation is weak. Pauline Curson's Countess is not nearly enough the great lady; she suggests a coy suburban widow rather than the chatelaine of Roussillion. Keith Miller's Lafeu, tottering about like Polonius, is not at all Shakespeare's idea of the ripe, experienced diplomat, while John Barton has aligned his performance with the rest of the production by neglecting the sinister side of Parolles, the potential Thersites that lurks behind "the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier."

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

ASIA AWAKES

SIR,—I have been a regular reader of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for over a year now and there have been very few occasions when I differed from the point of view expressed in your esteemed weekly. Your approach to the international problems is never influenced by parochial considerations of supposed nationalism, racial or colour superiority.

The same is true of your critical estimate of the Korean situation. May I take the liberty to state the following in the hope that your thoughtful readers will ponder over my points and correct me if I am mistaken?

(1) The Asia of the 19th Century was dominated by the Western Powers who exploited the resources of the vast continent in the interest of their economic prosperity and boasted of their benevolent administration.

(2) The 20th Century saw a mass awakening in the Asiatic countries and there has been a quickening of desire to be free from the foreign yoke since the end of the First World War.

(3) The countries that threw off the foreign yoke ran the risk of a civil war, for their own men, when in power, tended to exploit the masses to enrich themselves. The proverbial worm turned and the struggle of the masses for emancipation from the thraldom of their own people began. China went through a long civil war. Burma is passing through it. Fortunately India, thanks to Nehru, was saved the spectacle so far. In a civil war it is natural that the two factions should fight for different ideologies. In China the ideology that appeals to the starving and the hungry has triumphed. The same would have happened in Korea if the might of the U.S.A. had not intervened.

(4) North Korea is an invader; but does that justify the United Nations, or the Anglo-American bloc of the United Nations, to prop the supporters of corrupt regimes in Korea or Formosa or Indo-China? The Western Nations must pay, and will pay heavily, for their omissions and commissions, and so must the corrupt regimes which make civil war inevitable.

No wonder then that the Asiatic population, by and large, are getting fed up with Anglo-American interventions which bring nothing but devastation in their wake. The professions of altruism and high principles by the British and American statesmen create no impression on them except on those whose indebtedness or self-interest prompt them to toe the Anglo-American line. BANSI DHAR

Lucknow,
India.

PEACE CAMPAIGN

SIR,—If Mr. Priestley had been at Ilya Ehrenburg's press conference at the Conway Hall, on July 27, he would perhaps have changed his mind about which side should be personified as "a huge Alsatian." The small hall was packed with something like 150 journalists: about half, as far as I could estimate, from this country, and most of the rest from other countries on this side of the "iron curtain." The atmosphere was deplorable: while Mr. Priestley might have wished to discuss political and cultural matters with a well-informed deputy of the Supreme Soviet calmly and without rancour, many representatives of the Western Press obviously had no desire to do so. They were there to "have a go" at Russia, and to use all means short of physical violence to attack that country, in the person of Mr. Ehrenburg. For over two hours they bullied and badgered him; several were always on their feet at once; and Ehrenburg was constantly forced to request them to be less nervous—"You have only to ask one question each, gentlemen, and are so excited. Please remember I have to answer them all," he said during one particularly frenzied moment of clashing interruptions. A reporter from one national newspaper advanced up the centre aisle towards him: "Is it not true that Russia constantly interferes with the internal affairs of other countries?" he asked. Rumbling sounds of "hear-hear" came from some of the other journalists. After the translation, Ehrenburg asked for a clarification of what the questioner meant. Instead of acceding to this, surely reasonable request, the reporter merely repeated his question with the air of a patient prosecuting counsel. Again Ehrenburg asked him what he meant. From the height he clamour now reached one might have thought he had at least spat on the Union Jack. "Will you give me a simple yes or no?" implacably demanded the reporter. Ehrenburg shrugged helplessly. "I cannot," he said. There was a chorus of derision. Towards the end of the conference, which continued in this manner throughout, Ehrenburg expressed his disappointment at the absence of questions about writing and art in the U.S.S.R. —"a subject I should have thought would have interested journalists." The fact was that it was impossible to ask such questions because the floor was held by propounders of rhetorical anti-Soviet questions.

I shall not be surprised to hear that he has written an account of this conference in *Pravda* characterising some Western journalists not as Alsatian dogs, but as the more familiar "jackals." And I'm ashamed to say the description will not be altogether unmerited.

10 Coleherne Mansions, ELKAN ALLAN
Earl's Court, S.W.5.

BERLIN CONGRESS

SIR,—Would you permit me to make a few comments on your correspondent's report on the Berlin Congress for Cultural Freedom?

"From the start a strong group of ex-Communists, centring around Burnham, Koestler, Plisnier and Borkenau, made a determined bid to turn the Congress into a rhetorical challenge to the men behind the Brandenburg Gate. . . ." This is inaccurate on several counts. James Burnham spoke only once at the Congress, and then late in the proceedings. Theodor Plievier, who had at first declined but felt compelled by the events in Korea to appear in Berlin, arrived late and spoke only before the students of the Free University. Both Charles Plisnier and Franz Borkenau spoke once, and only for about five minutes each. Koestler, to be sure, took the floor several times; but I understood that here the "rhetorical challenge" was rather to the "men in Downing Street." I am afraid that the whole notion that a group of "ex-Communists" functioned as a fixed and determined fraction at the Congress does violence to the facts. The truth of the matter is that the real political alignments cut across all such crude distinctions as "ex-Communists" and "non-ex-Communists." Surely it would be wrong to lump together all the chastened followers of "The God that Failed," including such variegated personalities as Ignazio Silone, James T. Farrell, Margarete Buber-Neumann, Richard Loewenthal, all of whom spoke and acted at the Congress with no regard to former doctrinal allegiances, and were certainly divided on most Congress issues. Isn't one running the danger of substituting for the "witch-hunt against Communists" another witch-hunt of one's own—namely, a witch-hunt against ex-Communists?

One can, of course, agree or disagree with James Burnham's analysis of the world situation; but it was wrong to suggest that he advocated "blasting 'good' bombs into the enslaved Communist world. . . ." Your correspondent asks "How could we get freedom?" I assume that he and I and Burnham are all equally interested in a state of affairs in which the editors, journalists, novelists, and professors in Poland or Rumania or Eastern Germany are as free as we are. For your correspondent to assume that any of us wants war to-morrow simply because we speak earnestly about ways and means to work towards that state of freedom is as unwarranted as for any of us to assume that you are completely indifferent to cultural slavery simply because you do not concern yourself with the political techniques of liberation.

The summing-up of Arthur Koestler's views appears to me similarly askew. It is shocking to note that those who complain most of other people's "dialectical over-simplifications" go to the greatest extremes themselves to eliminate any subtlety or even sense from opponents' arguments. Koestler certainly did not "proceed to clear away what is now to him no more than a rubbish-heap of antiquated political and social conceptions in the Western world. . . ." He tried to advance the thesis—with some refinement

and much qualifications—that with regard to a great many problems (by no means *all !*) the old categories of "Left" and "Right," and even the old antinomy of "Socialism v. Capitalism," have become in large part (by no means *completely !*) irrelevant, and more and more confusing or meaningless. No one maintained that "there was no point in arguing out the finer shades of 'relative freedom' as between free enterprise and a planned economy. . . ." Quite the contrary; that was exactly "the point." Between the two systems—nowhere, by the way, pure and complete, neither in England nor the United States—it was precisely necessary to work out the "finer shades," following, indeed, the recognition that total freedom (or total slavery) does not reside in the one or the other! This was the substance of the moderate and intelligently phrased remarks on "the mixed economy" by Arthur M. Schlesinger, jr. (no horrible "ex-Communist" or "atom-bomb-thrower" he !).

Nor did anybody suggest that "Socialism . . . was constitutionally unfit effectively to oppose Communism . . ." There are Socialists who have effectively opposed totalitarian Communism (Reuter, Schumacher, Attlee . . .), and there are others who have not (Grotewohl, Zilliacus, Nenni . . .). There are conservatives who have been effectively anti-Communist (as they were anti-Nazi), effectively pro-European (good old Churchill !), and there are others who have been isolationists and appeasers.

It was precisely because of this cultural and political fluidity in the Western world that the Congress sought to establish a new democratic centre. We were, of course, pleased with your correspondent's positive evaluation, in the end, of the Berlin sessions. For the first time since the rise of the dictators in our day, the liberty-loving writers, artists, scientists of the free world met together in an expression of their devotion to the ideal of democracy. It was not a "front" for the totalitarians of the Left or the Right, as were most of the Communist-dominated or Fascist-dominated meetings of the last 25 years. It was a notable attempt, I think, of the intelligentsia of the civilized world—poets and scientists, philosophers and journalists, Socialists and conservatives, churchmen and trade unionists, painters and publishers—to join together freely, to criticise, to formulate an independent programme for the defence of their common democratic ideal. The work, we all hope, will now be carried further.

MELVIN J. LASKY,
General Secretary,
the Berlin Congress

Berlin-Dahlem.

LEASEHOLDERS AND LANDLORDS

SIR,—Part of the evidence which Mr. David MacMichael ignores when he stigmatises "Mr. Smith" as "either a fool or not very honest" is the fact that, during the period of the war and for some years after, the maximum sum allowed to any householder for the maintenance and repair of his property was £10 annually. This limit was exactly the same for a house with thirty rooms as for a bungalow with three.

A reasonably cautious estimate for keeping a house of the kind which "Mr. Smith" appears to occupy in sound structural and decorative repair would have been £50 or £60 a year at pre-war prices and using pre-war materials (e.g., good lead paint). If such a house is not maintained in good order, however, deterioration tends to be cumulative in its effects, and this is particularly the case with houses which were built during the London building boom of the 1850s.

"Mr. Smith" could not reasonably have been expected to foresee the passing of a law preventing him from even carrying out the conditions of his lease as regards maintenance. Neither can he be blamed for failing to anticipate the shaking of the foundations of his house by bombing, which probably did a great deal more damage than he is able to claim for under the War Damage Act. Shrinkage of the London clay in an excessively dry summer or the diversion of the courses of underground streams are other causes of subsidences which have proved very expensive to leaseholders. Many London houses are built over streams carried underground in brick conduits.

The enormous increase in building costs is another factor "Mr. Smith" may excusably not have anticipated.

The practical problem of the thousands of houses whose leases are due to fall in during the next few years will not be solved by diatribes against grasping landlords or irresponsible leaseholders. Temporary "standstill" measures will not meet the case, either, and it will certainly help nobody to drive leaseholders to Carey Street in shoals. We are living in a period of acute housing shortage due to two world wars. The best possible use must be made of every habitable house and labour and materials must be used to the utmost advantage. This is a matter of national concern, or ought to be.

As Mr. MacMichael says, Mr. Donnelly does not tell us very much about "Mr. Smith's" lease. If "Mr. Smith's" ground landlord is willing to spend £2,500 in reconditioning the property and to re-let it at £180 a year, it seems to me that he might be held up as an example to all ground landlords, though what he receives will not be a ground rent but a rack rent, representing, if he did not pay a speculative price for the reversion, a fair return on his capital. If every lease could be renewed on comparable terms, the problem would be solved to the satisfaction of everybody who does not want "something for nothing." I should be surprised to learn, however, that this is what he is proposing to do.

Acres of houses on the borders of Hampstead and St. John's Wood now stand derelict and riddled with dry rot in eloquent testimony to the operation of the law affecting leasehold property. The leases fell in shortly before the war, but here and there among these ruins stand a few houses which, for some reason or other, have remained in occupation and which reduce the general housing problem by sheltering several households. The derelict houses do not add to the amenities of the district and have contributed nothing to the Revenue, nothing to the rates and nothing to the income of the freeholders for the past thirteen years. The loss of ground rents on these houses must run into six figures, including compound interest, and the losses in rates and Property Tax must respectively be reckoned in millions.

CHARLES ESAM-CARTER

56 Belsize Park, N.W.3.

SIR,—David MacMichael is rather too glib in his criticism of "Mr. Smith." He ignores the complications of war and post-war price levels. Mr. Smith, if he bought his house before 1939 probably had calculated his delapidations at £500 and was prepared to pay it. If he is a professional man whose income has risen little he cannot pay £2,500 which, in building costs corresponds to the pre-war £500.

Further, the rent, whether £30 or £180, is not for the land and house, but for the land only. A lump sum is paid for the lease of the house.

G. R. EVANS

56 Alexandra Road, N.W.8.

CATCHING THE EYE

SIR,—In your last issue Basil Taylor, commenting on the new posters of unusual brightness, says: ". . . some publicity man has discovered for himself what Kandinsky or Matisse or van Gogh could have told him ages ago, that a certain pink in association with other colours will assume a powerful, electric vibrancy and the elementary truth that two colours of the same tone will tend to operate in the same manner."

Surely Mr. Taylor is misinformed? That great artists have uncommon knowledge and make cunning use of similar and contrasting colours is admitted. That the artists named used fluorescent paint is a new discovery! The colours printed on these posters actually contain a fluorescent dye. I understand that four colours (orange, red, yellow and green) are now available to printers and sold under a trade name.

W. E. G. R.

London, N.6.

"INVASION"

SIR,—Critic talks in last week's "London Diary" about invasion uniting this island. I'll pledge myself to join Critic in resisting Russian troops in the (unlikely) event of their ever invading this country to use it as a base against America, if he'll agree to join me here and now in emulating our Korean brothers by kicking out the American troops who are already and indisputably here. Or does his dictum about patriotic unity work only one way?

IVOR MONTAGU

King's Langley, Herts.

DO SPORTSMEN TALK T.I.?
Do sportsmen talk? Fishermen are silent till the King's Arms open; archers and golfers frown at so much as a hiccup; javelin-throwers just grunt; pole-vaulters gasp; motor-racers mutter; and you can't chat on skis with the wind in your teeth. On the other hand, squash and tennis players often keep up a stream of encouraging noises; the brotherhood of the rucksack greet Wordsworth's daffodils; small-boat specialists use terrible nautical words; while shooting-stick sitters are natural natterers.
Have we lost track of T.I.? Not on your life. *Every single sport mentioned here owes some of its keenest equipment to T.I. enterprise.*
The letters T.I. stand for Tube Investments Ltd., of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Trafalgar 5033). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the T.I. Group, whose specialist skills are co-ordinated in the general field of light engineering.
THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

Books in General

ITALIAN critics tell us that Verga is one of the greatest Italian novelists and, until recent years, the undisputed second to Manzoni. When D. H. Lawrence made his excellent translation of *Mastro Don Gesualdo*, Verga was known to us only by the stories in *Cavalleria Rusticana*; an earlier American translation of *I Malavoglia* his greatest novel was out of print. This translation was good though it inclined to be mild and smooth, where Verga was evidently elliptical, hard and pungent; Eric Mosbacher's new version is harder, but retains the old and too benign title of *Under the Medlar Tree*. Malavoglia is a surname meaning the Ill-willed. Destiny shows ill-will to this family and they were to have been part of a trilogy grimly called *The Defeated*. It was to be divided into a study of the very poor, the non-manual workers or Dons of Sicilian life and the upper classes. The last book was never finished.

These novels came from a revelation which, Verga says, he had in the eighties. He had left Catania where he was born, and had become an adept writer of novels about "elegance and adultery" in Milan and Florence in the current Italian style. I quote Verga's words from D. H. Lawrence's biographical note on his translation of *Don Gesualdo*:

> One day, I don't know how, there came into my hand a sort of broadside, a halfpenny sheet sufficiently ungrammatical and disconnected, in which a sea Captain succinctly related all the vicissitudes through which his sailing ship passed. Seaman's language, short, without any unnecessary phrase. It struck me, and I read it again; it was what I was looking for, without definitely knowing it. Sometimes, you know, just a sign, an indication is enough.

Verga set out on one of those returns to original and despised sources which have often been fruitful to novelists.

His first step from sophistication was effected by the naturalism of Zola. In *Cavalleria Rusticana* Verga became stark. Here he is a kind of Merimée without the velvet glove. We notice that the pride and violence of the Sicilians is hyperbolical, sublime and close upon us; whereas Merimée sees his Corsicans and Spaniards at one remove. They are the exotic if excellent anecdotes of a civilised connoisseur of primitive manners and passions. Corsican honour, too, is calculating; the Spanish, tragic. The wound in Merimée's nature gave him the aesthete's curious admiration of power and turned him outward to the primitive. Verga has the advantage of turning inward, of going home and is filled with instinctive knowledge. He is not a mystic, either, about "the people." The myth of the innate superiority of the unspoiled "people" is as extravagant in its effects on literature, as the myth of the hero of Chivalry and Romance was.

I Malavoglia indicates the second phase, the rapid arrival at the source. He is no longer the teller of frightening dramatic episodes which isolate the passions of people from the conditions of their life. The high passions, the murderous traditions of honour, have survived (we suspect) not only because of natural inheritance, but because old habits of feeling are preserved longest by the down-trodden and wretched. Verga found himself inside the thoughts, words and interests of the poor Sicilian fishermen. He did not stand with one foot safely in the picturesque, as most of us do; but went into their life, found it complete, and took it, almost, at its own valuation. From the moment we open *I Malavoglia* we are pitched into the squabble of village life, straight among the talk of the misers, the spies, the honourable, the wasters, the modest, the hypocrites, the officials, the skirling village shrews. Their voices deafen us, their quarrels confuse our ears, their calamities catch us, and we are subject also to those strange truces in the rancour of a community when, for a day, a disaster will quieten it with a common emotion. Verga's aim was to write as closely as he could in the language of the people, for talk is the interminable litany of the poor. Especially he makes wonderful use of their metaphors and their vivid proverbs and although the polished reader may wince at memories of books written by only too knowing outsiders in this manner, he will find that Verga has invented a style which carries these images and sayings naturally, and without the effect of tuition, on the one hand, or artificial colouring on the other:

> During the squall all the big fish, even the stupid ones, stayed under water without showing themselves, leaving Silkworm, the mayor, gazing skywards as though he were looking for a leaf to nibble.

or

> I bet he was going to wander about in the lava field behind St. Agatha's garden. You cannot ask more than to love the girl next door, for courting by the fence saves both trouble and expense.

or

> Piedipapera found Uncle Crocifisso only too ready to talk about that little matter which was dragging on and on, with no end in sight. Long things turn into snakes, as the saying is.

The matter of *I Malavoglia* is less a story than a stream of rabid country talk, built around the changes of fortune in an honourable family losing the boat on which they depend, getting into the hands of a moneylender, recovering the boat and after heart-breaking work, losing their house and the unity of the family altogether. 'Ntoni, the grandfather, is the dominant character, a figure of patriarchal passion, energy and rugged wisdom, a wonderful, powerful portrait of an honest man. His son, corrupted by military service, half showy, half good, is excellent too, on the downward path. In ten years one sees a family and a village change before the eyes in their fixed frame. There are three or four good set scenes; a funeral, a betrothal, an escape from shipwreck, a smugglers' affray and these—so hackneyed a part of picturesque literature—have a very different aspect in Verga. To begin with they are more raw; then, they are economically dealt with, not with a novelist's colour print in view, but to catch human beings in the act of living.

That is Verga's great virtue. He is closer to contemporary writers than to the writers of the 19th century, with their landscape, their explanations, their expatiations and their theories. One small incident which is at first incomprehensible to the sophisticated reader, shows how thoroughly Verga knew the minds of his people. Mena's pretty sister Lia has become the mistress of the gendarme; and Mena, because of this shame, refuses the lover she hoped to marry. The family honour has been injured; she must pay the price of the injury. She points out to her lover that the village tongues will never let a Malavoglia woman alone after this, and that her husband would live surrounded by scandal and backbiting. The lover recognises the truth of this and agrees that her argument is unsurmountable. Their deep love for each other is thus thrown away on a point of honour, which is communal virtue in disguise. The basic thing in the lives, in the culture of these people, is the role. Each one has a role in the community which he acts every day, elaborates and lives by. In a fixed community it is the reason for life. The cheat must cheat, the hypocrite must practise hypocrisy, the scold must scold, the humble man and the good must preserve their characters; everything is simple and public. Change will bring inner conflict and self-inflicted evils. The tongue rules the Mediterranean like a lash.

I have probably conveyed that *I Malavoglia* is a book of about the darker side af anchovy fishing. That is not the impression. Though it is generally described as a tragedy, it is rather a pungent, spluttering, vivid picture of life, often comic and sometimes lyrical; it is a rich description of circumstance. There are one or two long passages of rest in the middle of the book describing days on the sea, "green as grass" under the doubtful clouds, or those hard times when the Malavoglia, always anxious to pay off their debt, risked their damaged boat for the sake of a few fish:

> But when the weather was bad, and a nor' wester blew and the corks bobbed up and down on the water all day long as though someone were playing the fiddle for them to dance, and the sea was as white as milk or seethed as though it were boiling, and the rain poured down on their backs all day long and they got soaked to the skin, because no coat could possibly keep it out, and the waves leapt all round them like fish in a frying pan, then it was different . . . and 'Ntoni with his coat collar buttoned up to his nose, had no desire to sing, and he had to keep bailing the Provvidenza the whole time, and his grandfather kept saying that a "white sea means a sirocco" or "a choppy sea means fresh wind," as though they were here to learn proverbs.
>
> And at dark, when the Provvidenza came in with her belly full of the grace of God and her sail billowing like Donna Rosolina's skirt and with the lights in the houses winking to one another behind the black Fariglioni rocks as though they were signalling. Master 'Ntoni would point out to the beautiful fire blazing in La Longa's kitchen . . . "What did I tell you?" the old man would exclaim with delight. "Just look at the fire that La Longa has made for us."

In *Mastro Don Gesualdo* the scene was more violent. In the class above the very poor, there was a larger field for pride and for private war; there was the possibility of the great bourgeois madness, megalomania: Don Gesualdo had all the superb force of a rising man. He was a Lear tortured by the daughter who had married into the aristocracy. He was hoodwinked into violent political schemes. *I Malavoglia* is a

quieter book. Its metaphors are less electric, its feeling is more pitiful. I do not find novels about foreign peasants of a hundred years ago tolerable unless they are done with economy. Verga, like Merimée, though in a very different mode, stripped his narrative to the bone. He is one of the few novelists still readable in his genre and very close to the tone of our own day.

V. S. PRITCHETT

MIDSUMMER DAY

Not dedicated now
To Puck or Ariel,
This Midsummer Day
In the mid-century!
No Shakespearean spell
For human lips to try
More than human tricks.
The perfumes cease to blow;
Only dry politics
In the orchards sigh.
The blowclock as it flies,
Even that has a price.

But is it so? Perchance
"Another part of the Forest"
Is still an incantation
To hearts yet uncaressed
By Time's treacherous hand.
A virgin eye may still
Watch Oberon advance
To take his wilful station
Where Titania lies confessed
Between an ass's ears.

Either the universe
Outlived, or that newborn
Is true; or do both lie?
We should not think the worse
Of the untried, or the outworn.
Give to them both their due,
And let Midsummer Day
Proffer to old and young
Bitter rose, sweet rue,
To gather as we may.

RICHARD CHURCH

SPELL OF CREATION

Within the flower there lies a seed,
Within the seed there grows a tree,
Within the tree there spreads a wood.

In the wood there burns a fire,
And in the fire there melts a stone,
Within the stone a ring of iron.

Within the ring there lies an O,
Within the O there looks an eye,
Within the eye there swims a sea,

And in the sea reflected sky,
And in the sky there shines the sun,
Within the sun a bird of gold.

Within the bird there beats a heart,
And from the heart there flows a song,
And in the song there sings a word.

Within the word there lies a world,
A word of joy, a world of grief,
From joy and grief there springs my love.

Oh love, my love, there lies a world,
And on the world there shines a sun,
And in the sun there burns a fire.

Within the fire consumes my heart,
And in my heart there beats a bird,
And in the bird there wakes an eye,

Within the eye, earth, sea and sky,
Earth, sky and sea within an O
Lie like the seed within the flower.

KATHLEEN RAINE

FREUD OR JUNG

Freud or Jung. By EDWARD GLOVER. *Allen & Unwin* 15s.

The disjunctive of the title of this book (an expansion of three articles in *Horizon*) is not intended to mislead anyone into thinking that Dr. Glover approaches his subject with an open mind. His argument is directed from beginning to end *ex parte* Freud. Nor is he interested in assaying the two contrasting theories in terms of their correspondence with some set of external facts. No empirical evidence is to be called, and no independent witnesses will be heard. Freud was right—except, of course, when he said he was not—and the problem is to show that Jung disagreed with him, and that the points of disagreement concerned fundamental articles of doctrine. Now, since Freud would certainly have confirmed the fact of their disagreement, and Jung would doubtless still do so, it looks like a cakewalk for Dr. Glover. But the qualification "fundamental" is an important one; to the Freudian it means that one or more of the essential tenets—the unconscious, infantile sexuality, repression, conflict or transference—must be shown to have been questioned.

It is not for the heretic to specify his own heresy and, as Dr. Glover rightly points out, it is often extremely difficult to know what Jung did mean. In each of four important chapters—"Mental Structure," "Mental Mechanisms," "Mental Energy," and "Character and Consciousness"—the same plan is followed: first comes a statement in two or three pages of the Freudian view, then in twenty or thirty pages the Jungian deviations are set out. In the course of this we pass from the "horrid suspicion," on p.33, "that Jung is nothing more or less than a pre-Freudian, who, having at first let himself be carried in the stream of Freudian thought, has ever since striven to make his peace with conscious psychology," to the italicised conviction on p.86 that "*the key to the riddle of Jung's psychology is that Jung is a conscious psychologist.*" All the Jungian *bric-à-brac* are carefully inspected and their deficiencies exhibited; archetypes, shadow, animus, anima, persona, soul, none of them will do; and in particular the Jungian varieties of the Unconscious are shown to be no more, in the Freudian terminology, than conscious or at best preconscious. Gradually the features of this heresy become clearer; one after another the fundamental doctrines are shown to have been neglected or obscured. The Jungian sins are mortal, not, as might have been pleaded, merely venial.

Later chapters lead on through Dreams and Neuroses to an examination of Jung's achievement in Sociology, Alchemy, Politics, Art and Religion, without adding cogency to the argument, but with a wealth of amplificatory detail. We learn of Jung's number obsessions and of his pro-Nazi leanings. In his foreword to the first number of the Nazified *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*, appeared the ominous pledge to ensure that "the definite distinctions between Germanic and Jewish psychology, long apparent to sensible people, shall no longer be obscured," and many other quotations are given to show how little difficulty there was in squaring "Analytical Psychology" with National Socialism. While it is true that greater men than Jung have been fascinated by the properties of the natural numbers, or have shown themselves politically *naïf*, this information is still interesting and perhaps significant: it is a pity that Dr. Glover has not seen fit to give us more in the way of biographical data. Some account of the relations between Freud and Jung, and the circumstances of their disagreement, would not have been out of place.

Since a note of irony has crept into this review, the implication that Dr. Glover's book is not of the first importance—though bound to attract a wide audience—should be justified. The criticism, which an "eclectic" psychologist, exposed to the blasts of Dr. Glover's reiterated scorn, is bound to bring is simply that this is not science. Not only is the method foreign, with its appeal to authority and its rejection of empirical evidence, but the very style is reminiscent of theological or political dispute. "The Kleinian system constitutes a deviation . . . combining . . . some of the errors of both Rank and Jung." This is the language of the party subcommittee, defining orthodoxy and recommending expulsion for offenders. The "schismatics," Adler, Rank, Reich, Horney, Klein, as well as Jung come in for castigation, and—again a favourite political device—the differences between their points of view are minimised. The Trotskyite vipers are "objectively" indistinguishable from the Menshevik sheep. Then, when both Freud and Jung did much the same thing, it can still be implied by a skilful choice of words that what was creditable in one was discreditable in the other.

It is doubtful whether the book ought to be widely commended. The author is at pains to explain why most people are unfit to understand or comment on it. Academic psychologists have insufficient clinical experience. Members of the "educated public"—like Mr. Kingsley Martin, that "mild authoritarian *in posse*" (p. 150), or the egregious Priestley, whose interventions have been "unequalled for their compact ignorance" (p. 17)—are similarly unfitted. And psychiatrists not of the Freudian persuasion are least of all qualified, since their experience, though "extensive," has been "blindfold." Who then, one may wonder, is Dr. Glover hoping to persuade?

It may be an impertinence for an "eclectic" psychologist to venture any further, but there are a number of considerations which Dr. Glover's austere method forbids him to treat, that might be advanced in favour of Freud. One is that Freud's achievement as a descriptive writer would alone have confirmed his claim to genius. A second, that many of his contentions were of a kind that could be submitted to experimental test—and have been by a younger generation of psychologists—whereas one can say this of practically nothing of Jung's. And last, there is some evidence of the greater therapeutic efficacy of the Freudian methods.

A. D. HARRIS

A GREAT AMERICAN PUBLISHER

Editor to Author. The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins. Edited by JOHN HALL WHEELOCK. *Scribners.* 25s.

The word "editor" is not, I think, in common use in English publishing, and in American its connotations in recent years have become increasingly sinister. Mr. Spender has told us, in an article in *Horizon* a year or so ago, how "'editors', introduced into publishing houses, suggest to writers how they should alter their books in order to make plot and character exciting and saleable," and how, in some instances, these same "editors" alter and re-write books. The word having become disreputable, as far as publishing is concerned, it is first of all necessary to say that Maxwell Perkins was not all that kind of publisher's editor. It was anathema to him. His name, which can scarcely be known here, has become, the blurb tells us, "almost legendary" in America, and to read this selection of letters, which have been taken from the files of the ancient New York publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, is to understand why.

Perkins worked for Scribners for thirty-seven years, until his death three years ago—we are not told how old he was then. A Harvard man, he had dreamt for a time of becoming a writer himself, but after a spell as a reporter on the *New York Times* he became a publisher's reader and thereafter placed his own literary gifts—and that they were considerable these letters prove—at the service of others. How successful he was as a reader is shown by the names of the novelists he "discovered": Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe among others. But he was something more than a great reader: he was the selfless minister of publishing as he conceived it. The conception was traditional enough, no doubt; it was the old liberal conception, which is opposed both to the State

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publishing of the totalitarian countries and to publishing as a branch of big business, which is becoming increasingly powerful in America and is not, to put it mildly, unknown in this country. Perkins expresses it time and again, in some of the most interesting letters in the collection, letters to correspondents who have complained that Messrs. Scribners' books are dirty, anti-Russian, anti-American, anti-Semitic. He is always patient, moderate and good tempered :

> The function of a publisher in society is to furnish a means by which anyone of a certain level of intelligence and abilities can express his views. A publisher should not be, as such, a partisan, however strongly a partisan he may be as an individual. If he allows his partisanship to govern him in his choice of books, he is a traitor to the public. He is supposed to furnish a forum for the free play of the intellect, in so far as he possibly can . . . . Every profession has its own particular code of ethics, its own morality, that its members must adhere to or they betray it. And a primary element in the morality of the publisher is that he shall not let his own personal views obstruct the way for the expression of counter-views.

For Perkins, the publisher's role was that of midwife to the author, and this makes his letters a fascinating study of the relationship between publisher and writer. Traditionally, this relationship is like an unhappy marriage, with the complication, from the author's point of view, that he is merely one of the hundred or so wives in the harem. Divorce is, of course, possible, and indeed is frequent, but there are still a hundred authors to every one publisher. It is not the picture one gets from these letters : no one ever called Perkins Barabbas. The keynote to his relations with his authors is struck early on, in a letter to Scott Fitzgerald : "Don't ever *defer* to my judgment . . . I should be ashamed if it were possible to have made you . . . I should hate to play the W. D. Howells to your Mark Twain." The author, in other words, is always right ; but if he should want encouragement, consolation, advice, criticism, there is Perkins, never pushing himself forward, but always willing to give it. And how well he does it : he stands revealed, in these letters, as a sort of super Jeeves of literature. There is Thomas Wolfe, for instance, who has commonly been regarded more highly in the United States than in this country, where it is difficult to see him as other than a sub-Whitman taken to fiction. Wolfe had no more enthusiastic admirer than Perkins, who was his first publisher. But the actual business of producing and selling a novel of Wolfe's was merely part of being his publisher, almost a side-issue ; as these letters show. For here is Perkins acting almost as nurse to the uncouth Southern genius, paying the rent of his flat when abroad, settling his dentist's bill when legal action is threatened, shielding him from hostile reviews, persuading him to keep on writing when the London reviewers have so disheartened him that he swears he will write no more, and all the time working night after night with Wolfe himself, cutting his amorphous, million-words-long manuscripts until some semblance of form is given them, until, in fact, they are publishable. And what thanks does Perkins get ? Wolfe, as impossible a man as ever author was, which is to say that he was indeed impossible, sacks Scribners in a twenty-eight page letter, being "inclined to blame Perkins for the extraordinary help Perkins had given him in the organising and shaping of his material," and goes elsewhere to be published, there to be treated much as Perkins treated him.

Perkins was a Yankee from Vermont, of the kind that is called in the States damn-Yankee, and it is impossible to read his letters without recalling the greatest damn-Yankee in modern American writing, the poet Robert Frost. Politically, he was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and often believed he was the only one left ; he thought that no one should have too much power, so that he distrusted big business as much as he did the State. He had a horror of good, well-meaning people : "They are so convinced that they are working with God that they think they can do nothing wrong," he writes in one of these letters. And he had the dry Yankee humour, as when he expresses his surprise that his family consists of five daughters, adding, "But in the end I got to telling people that we always drown the boys." He was unfailingly patient and full of charity ; as witness the series of letters to an anonymous correspondent explaining why he had rejected her novel and why he believed her idea of America and American publishing was wrong. In this series occurs the following sentence : " . . . I should like to say, if you'll let me, that I knew from your face that you were an utterly sincere and good person." That is surely the sort of remark that, in a business correspondence, only the uncorrupted can make. Perkins, on the evidence of these letters, was a great publisher ; he was, also on the evidence of these letters, a good man, and, if it is conceivable that publishing has its saints, he was one of them.

WALTER ALLEN

AN ULSTER VIEW

Modern Capitalism and Economic Progress. By THOMAS WILSON. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wilson is a young Ulsterman who teaches economics at Oxford. Perhaps it is his Belfast background which hinders his understanding, not only of the more subtle but even of the more obvious shades of political colouring in this country. At home in Ireland politics are sharply green or orange ; here they must be red or blue. This must be the reason why he can blandly tell his gentle docile English readers that Socialists, apart from a handful of their leaders, are all fanatical planners, fellow travellers, commissars on the make and "neurotics who find in a fanatical political faith some kind of solace for their personal needs." Mr. Wilson, who is accustomed to the idea of a nation split into two irreconcilable and hostile camps, may be able to accept without surprise the thought that over twelve million inhabitants of this island fall into his ferocious Socialist categories ; Englishmen may find this harder to believe.

Mr. Wilson has a way of adding up simple statistics and dropping them along his sentences with little thuds to illustrate some danger to democracy as though they were so many fog signals planted along the line of his fast staccato prose. He informs us on one page that "it is disturbing to note that four million people now depend on the State for their livelihood," and races on overleaf to explain why :

> It remains to be seen how much political freedom will be accorded to the employees of nationalised industries . . . no doubt these employees will be allowed to get away with a good deal even to the point of sabotage, provided they are to the left of the Government, but it will require some courage to take an active part in politics as a Liberal or a Conservative.

Then he brings up the cliché about the dangerous concentration of economic power in the nationalised industries which has paved the way for a *coup d'état*. It requires a truly Irish imagination to fear the seizure of power in Britain by those solid gentlemen on the Gas Council.

But the faults of Ulster are partly compensated by the virtues of Ireland. As an Irishman Mr. Wilson takes a fresh if biased view of English society. He has re-examined some hoary assumptions about the distribution of income. On the basis of published information and official statistics, Mr. Wilson shows what great strides have been made towards equality in this country. He points out that the unearned income of the wealthy—those with over £2,000 a year—accounted for only 3½ per cent. of all private incomes before tax in 1946. If earned income is included and income tax deducted, this class received about 5.4 per cent. of all private income after tax in 1947, compared with 8 per cent. in 1938, and Mr. Wilson remarks that if these wealthy people had been led to the scaffold and their incomes redistributed, only 7*s.* a week would

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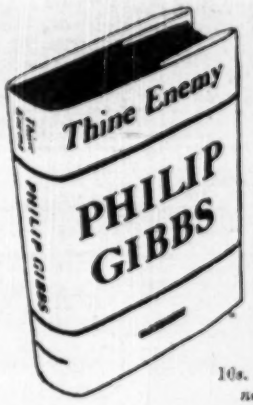

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Glasgow Herald

HUTCHINSON

Two good books

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE by Giovanni Verga, a translation of his great novel, *I Malavoglia*. One of the classics of Italian literature, it tells the story of the Malavoglia family, peasant fishermen on the coast of Sicily. "*A wonderfully good book, vivid, powerful, beautifully illuminated.*"—*Spectator*.

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Jules Supervielle

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have been available per head for the rest of the working population in both years—on the assumption that total output did not fall as a result of the executions. While dealing with the distribution of income, Mr. Wilson gets in a few digs at the Russians. He points out that Soviet income tax rates do not weigh as heavily on the wealthy as our own. A Russian professional man with over 300,000 roubles a year pays only a third of this in income tax and is left with a net income fifty times the average Russian income. In England there are only 45 net incomes of over £6,000 a year, and £6,000 a year is only twenty times the average net income. He illustrates the great differences of income in the Russian hierarchy by pointing out that a Russian lieutenant gets a hundred times the pay of a Russian private, and a Russian colonel gets 240 times as much.

But Mr. Wilson admits that the national capital is distributed less equally than the national income. Before the war three quarters of the adult population had estates worth less than £100 a piece, and owned between them less than 5 per cent. of the National Capital, while the remaining 95 per cent. was owned by only a quarter of the adult population. A more striking figure is that 1 per cent. possessed over half the total. Mr. Wilson admits that this maldistribution would have become intolerable but for the credit system which enables capital to be transferred from individuals who have it to industry which can use it. But he thinks that this wealth should be more evenly spread and that death duties are too slow a method. High rates were imposed too late in our history; a millionaire can only pass on £200,000 to-day, but in 1938 he could leave three times as much. Mr. Wilson is more radical than some Socialists in his belief that a capital tax may be necessary and that capital taxes are less harmful than high income taxes. He writes:

> It would be preferable to face the administrative difficulties and cut more quickly into the few really large fortunes rather than to allow the progress of the nation to be hampered by heavy taxes on income and social relations to be soured by perpetual class jealousy.

But after this serious and illuminating discussion Mr. Wilson goes on to suggest that the Conservative party may turn out to be the chosen vessel for carrying out such a Radical policy. He expresses the opinion that although a Radical policy is not likely to make an appeal to the Conservatives, "their bark is far worse than their bite," and while it is natural to begin a discussion of Conservative policy by asking what the propertied classes would do, on the assumption that they are completely selfish, "it is unduly cynical to excuse altogether the possibility of more philanthropic motives." This is a true rendering of Mr. Wilson's views, compressed but not traduced. Mr. Wilson forgets that his readers belong to a nation which is sufficiently muddled by nature to insist on clarity in the thoughts of its teachers.

PETER SOVREN

KINDNESS IS NOT ENOUGH

Those Human Russians. Compiled and translated by WILLIAM R. HUGHES. Foreword by Victor Gollancz. *Gollancz*. 6s.

This book is short and a little silly. That is a pity. Its subject demands that it should be long and earnest. For it raises, all too naively, one of the most intractable questions of our day which requires a thoroughly disillusioned answer, namely, at what point, if at any, do peoples and nations become identified with their rulers, and where, if anywhere, runs the temporal dividing line? Mr. Hughes, who has collected a number of stories from Germans showing that individual Russians are not uniformly savages but capable of kindly behaviour, does not come anywhere near answering it. This is not only because his anecdotes are for the most part trifling, insignificant and even irrelevant. One feels that with a clearer grasp of the problem involved he could have laid out the question much more realistically in all its disturbing implications, and thereby served his own purpose better.

No one but the most insensate chauvinist could possibly quarrel with this purpose, or with Mr. Gollancz's motive in publishing this slim anthology which follows a similar, earlier one dealing with Germans. It is to warn us against the fatal consequences to our own hearts and minds of a re-issue of Vansittartism, this time designed to brand the Russians as inhuman barbarians whom no one and nothing can redeem. This new crusade is already under way, and gives point to Mr. Gollancz's plea. Of course the Russians are human. Anyone who has been in contact with them during the past ten years will gladly confirm that they are capable, without prompting, of many thoughts and deeds which by Western ethical standards would be regarded as "human," and there are far more telling stories than Mr. Hughes's to demonstrate this. We have it on the authority of Mr. Churchill that even Mr. Molotov showed a sign of humanity when at the garden gate of No. 10, a worried little smile broke through the surface of his stony countenance, and he gave the Premier a warm handshake. Indeed, Mr. Hughes's compilation of episodes in which Russians "spoke words and did deeds of good repute" could easily have been made much more representative had he also included a few stories of Russian officers and officials in Soviet-occupied Slav countries, and of the pitiful conflicts of ethical loyalty into which they were often thrown by their acts of humaneness towards their former enemies. An indication of the severe penalties which they suffered for this "diversionism" would have moved him into more profitable proximity to the complex tangle upon which he touches with kind and well-meaning irresponsibility.

For this is difficult and treacherous ground. It is well enough to say that "there is another side to the picture (of Russian cruelty and barbarity), the more important and the more real because good is more important and more real than evil." These are Mr. Gollancz's words, and I should be interested to know what Dr. Joad thinks of them. Well, is it? Unless we are clear to what extent the ordinary Soviet citizen identifies his own ethical and religious code with that of his State, that is, the extent to which he has adopted the ethics of the State for his own private behaviour; and unless, furthermore, we are clear about the significance, within those ethics, of the meaning of terms like "good," "evil," "important," and "real," we shall merely be measuring the Soviet citizen, as a moral being, by the standards of current Western Christian humanitarianism, and as a result, more often than not, deceive ourselves and him. What is more, occasional similarities or identities of behaviour and reaction, which may be basic or accidental, will force us to the conclusion that, after all, we must be Crusaders. In the, possibly mistaken, belief that we have a foot in the door, we shall feel it our duty to proceed and drive the full ethical wedge between the Soviet citizen and his state.

I am not sure that this is what Mr. Hughes is after, and I doubt whether he has thought out the implications. To him, "these simple stories are hints, assurances that Russians too are being pressed forward towards the same kingdom that we seek." I find this as dangerous an over-simplification as the opposite extreme of Vansittartism, in the light of my own experiences with Russians in Germany. Our long and passionate arguments merely made these men profoundly unhappy, and as a result of this unhappiness even more antagonistic. Sooner or later all these friends were eliminated, or eliminated themselves, from the very scene of intercourse which Mr. Hughes is so anxious to establish.

But is Mr. Gollancz's warning really necessary? It is surely doubtful whether the parallel with Nazi Germany holds in more than a few superficial respects; it is one of the dangerous over-simplifications of Vansittartism that it all too rashly and conveniently invites us to identify the two systems on account of the external identity of some of their manifestations. In any case, I

suspect that Mr. Gollancz overrates the stability of relationships between nations on a moral or ethical plane. I, for one, have yet to be convinced that the so-called broad masses of the people have firmly pre-conceived ideas about the character, Christian or otherwise, of other peoples. I submit that they do not, thank God, care a great deal, and are willing to shed such notions as they may have, in favour of opposite ones as they go along. Their sympathies and animosities, being based, as they are, on ignorance, go less deep than Mr. Gollancz fears and Lord Vansittart hopes. Within less than one generation they have been asked to change their minds three times in the case of the Germans and four times, it seems, in that of the Russians. But have they really done so? I doubt it. The Russians on their part have received a similar sequence of orders. Mr. Hughes's book would be of greater value if we could know how far they, as individuals, ever obeyed them. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

PROSE CRITICS

English Poetry. A Critical Introduction. By F. W. BATESON. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry. By WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR. *Cambridge, for the University of Chicago Press.* 30s.

I should admit at once that my response to the criticism of Mr. Bateson is seriously affected by my old-fashioned belief that in poetry there is much both to enjoy and to wonder at. And if, as I think likely, such a confession were to arouse the critic's contempt, I should beg him to believe that few people in their right senses are content only to enjoy and only to wonder; I should claim that I am also interested in what the poetry means. But I greatly doubt whether such a plea would mollify that self-righteous and partially scientific severity that seems characteristic of the school of Dr. Leavis.

Since on every page of his work the doctrine of "the primacy of meaning" is dinned into our heads, it is regrettable that so many of Mr. Bateson's sentences seem to be either lacking in this very quality or else plainly untrue. As an example of an untrue statement we have "with the exception of the small group of onomatopoeic words ('murmur,' 'tomtom,' 'bomb,' 'cuckoo,' etc.) there is no umbilical cord which connects sound and meanings." Elsewhere we are told that "A word is 'an intellectual thing,'" as though such a statement explained anything. It is difficult also to attach very much meaning to the following: "Poetry-writing and poetry-reading should not be considered ways of life in themselves so much as the overspill of successful communal living in *any* profession." This sentence comes from a chapter entitled "Towards a Poetry-reading Elite", a chapter in which a number of surprising truths are unfolded. We learn for instance that politicians are in the top class both for reading and writing poetry. This, however, is slightly less surprising than it seems, since Goldsmith, Byron and Aldous Huxley are politicians. We are encouraged to believe that one of the chief advantages of a classical education is in "struggling with an inflected language." Fewer people now than in the past are subjected to this struggle, yet, if Mr. Bateson had his way, this would not matter so much. "The meaningful reading of poetry will provide at least as intellectually arduous a discipline as the reading of an inflected language." It is, I think, never suggested that anyone has ever enjoyed a poem in an inflected language or in any other language, whether the reading has been "meaningful" (whatever that means) or not. Not only in his plain statements but in some other elements of his style Mr. Bateson appears imperfectly meaningful or, should I say, semantic. Why, for instance, is Milton constantly alluded to as "the Moneylender's son"? Why are his parents "the Miltons père and mère"? And why, without any shred of evidence, is the atmosphere of his home described as "hot house"? Yet, as Mr. Bateson informs us, "The antidote to subjectivism is the discipline of fact." It is just in this discipline that Mr. Bateson seems to be lacking. Thus though he has good things to say about the importance of annotated editions, though much of his detailed criticism is interesting, though he shows enterprise and courage in exploring the connection between poets and their social background, these merits are incidental and are, at least in my opinion, outnumbered by evident defects.

More modest and more thorough is the criticism of Mr. William Van O'Connor in his *Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry*. One has become used to American critical work which is painstaking, admirably documented and thorough. This book is no exception to the rule. It is evident that the author has read everything there is to be read on his subject, and he has produced a book which will be of great value to scholars. It is the more valuable for frankly admitting variations from the rules. The main theme is what Mr. T. S. Eliot has described as "the dissociation of sensibility." The inquiry ranges widely both over prose and verse in English, French and American literature. It is sensible, serious and interesting. The evident existence of these admirable qualities makes me slightly ashamed to admit that I found it also dull. Yet if I can be blamed for mental lethargy, the author also must accept his responsibility for such sentences as "The emphasis upon the intellectual constantly held to at the expense of a great many basic emotional needs has become pervasive in the entire thought and activities of the post-Renaissance world." Again one is surprised at how often the acute critic of poetry will not confront the problems of his own prose. REX WARNER

NEW SHORT STORIES

Such Darling Dodos. By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

The Lottery. By SHIRLEY JACKSON. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

The Unblest. By JOHN PETTAVEL. *Hand & Flower Press.* 12s. 6d.

The Mark of Vishnu. By KHUSHWANT SINGH. *Saturn Press.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Angus Wilson's field may be small but he digs it deep. *Such Darling Dodos*, his second book of short stories, is a proof of how hard he has worked on himself. The sharp and perceptive eye with which he is blest always saw through the veneers of pretence and manners to the evil and hypocrisy beneath. But now it penetrates even deeper. This new set of characters have many more layers and they are rounder. Mr. Wilson has also managed to extend his range in another direction; his pattern is now more varied. Short-story writers tend to repeat the same motif, changing only the colours. But in *Such Darling Dodos* all the designs are different. Far from remaining a black-and-white satirist, Mr. Wilson reveals himself in these stories to be a potential novelist.

Perhaps Mr. Wilson's greatest accomplishment is his ability to pounce on the telling *cliché* or the revealing quirk of speech. In a professionally charming don he observes:

> his habit of pointing with his pipe and saying: "Now hold on a minute I want to examine this average man or woman of yours more carefully"; or "Anarchism, now, that's a very interesting word, but are we *quite* sure we know what it means?"

Or of the old cissy with his Jane Austen speech: "I think it vastly disobliging in you, cousin . . . to be at so much pains over me." Yes, Mr. Wilson brings it off every time, but occasionally trips himself up in the process. His characters' *clichés* become his own. The Boots' Library Book, for example, is a sort of symbolical prop that recurs too often. Also he is inclined to indulge in semi-private jokes. His awful cosiness is often effective, but it can be overdone as in this description of a Christmas party in a Government office, for instance:

> . . . where the adding machines usually stood, ran a row of little pots of holly made so cleverly from tinfoil and decorated with little cut-out black cats in bedsocks. A whole collection of "In" and "Out" trays had been lined with paper doyleys and filled with every sort of delicious cake and sandwich—Thea's sausage rolls and Penelope's dainty bridge rolls filled with sandwich spread, Helen's raspberry fingers and little pyramids and chocolate powder and post tosasties that Joan Fowler called "Coconut Kisses."

"It's worse than wicked, my dear, it's vulgar." The *Punch* joke still has a sting in it; we must congratulate Mr. Wilson on daring to risk that. We must congratulate him further for wearing his vulgarity so lightly and with such distinction. When too much English writing is dull, constipated and frightened, it is heartening to read something which is not. Mr. Wilson never hesitates to draw attention to social anomalies no nice person notices. Undeterred by sportsmanship or kindliness, he hits exactly where he likes and his blows hurt. Good taste and gentility

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COMPANY MEETING

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A SUCCESSFUL YEAR

THE twenty-third annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on August 3 in London, Sir Philip Warter (the chairman) presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

The trading profits of the Group amount to £2,205,624, against £2,038,762 for the previous year. Of the net profit of the Group amounting to £543,622, £11,308 represents Profits attributable to Outside shareholders of subsidiary companies, and the balance applicable to the Corporation of £532,314 compares with £450,613 last year. After deducting £24,519 in respect of profits retained by subsidiary companies, there remains a balance of £507,795, representing the Net Profit of the Corporation for the year.

Receipts at the Box-Office have shown a downward trend. The only satisfactory way of arresting the downward trend is by way of better films. Even in the Greater London area, where attendances and receipts are down by a greater percentage than in the rest of the country, the results on the really successful films were satisfactory.

The gross takings of the Corporation's cinemas last year amounted to £18,722,253, out of which no less than £6,891,835 was paid in Entertainments Duty.

In making every effort to comply with the law, we have shown a number of films, which, through lack of entertainment value, resulted in substantial losses in the cinemas where they were shown. For the year commencing 1st October, 1950, the Quota has been fixed at 30 per cent., which is a realistic Quota and one which it should be possible to fulfil with pictures of reasonable quality.

The Corporation's Studios were kept fully employed and although our film production operations resulted in a loss, I am pleased to say that the position generally shows an improvement. The markets available to British films do not permit a sufficient return on the successful films to offset losses on the inevitable failures. Government finance and Quotas are not the answer.

Until the basis of taxation is adjusted in such a way that film production becomes a reasonable commercial risk your Board, although anxious to support the country's production effort to the full, is bound to view the making of pictures with considerable anxiety.

Having regard to the difficult conditions the results are excellent. We have many problems to face, but the Corporation is now in a better position than ever before to meet them, and I therefore look to the future with confidence.

The report was adopted.

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are as roughly handled as humbug. One reason for the success of Mr. Wilson's attacks is his poisonous sense of humour. Another is that his enmities and loyalties are unpredictable. He is liable in the middle of an offensive to switch and rush to the defence of someone whose predicament has won his allegiance. For Mr. Wilson supports the true heart or "the good scout" as ardently as he fights the two- or three-faced and the hordes of the pretentious.

The Lottery is another outstanding book of short stories by a writer who so far has only appeared in the *New Yorker* and other American magazines. Unlike Mr. Wilson, who never hesitates to say what he has to say out loud, Miss Jackson murmurs—usually something horrid—under her breath. Differences of style apart, both writers often end by achieving the same effect. Both are enemies of sham and selfishness; both enjoy wringing the last sour drops out of awkward social situations; both indulge a taste for the macabre; both have a horrid sense of humour. Whose finger is the more skilful at prodding the sore places of middle-class life—the anguish of spinsters, the bloodiness of nice wives—I find it hard to say. Of the two Miss Jackson carries less weight, but in her class she is more versatile. She can command all a woman's weapons: she can needle, tickle, stifle, scratch, though she can't bludgeon. Furthermore, she understands the *non sequiturs* of a child's mind almost as well as Saki and she can write about hysteria from the inside. But the niceties of hysteria are dangerous as well as monotonous territory. And, for my taste, Miss Jackson wastes too much time evoking women whose only claim on our interest is their sick temperaments. Of the stories in this manner I except *Pillar of Salt*, a study of a woman's crack-up. This is a little *tour de force*. Yet, though it is unerring, it does not eat its way into the memory like the title story, but to divulge the point of this might be unfair. It is the only occasion on which Miss Jackson takes off the mute and lets us hear her full range. Still she is not very loud. But she is more brilliant and effective at this pitch than when she is so quiet and subtle as to be inaudible. Few writers know how to keep within their limitations, but Miss Jackson is enough of an artist to allow herself liberties.

Mr. Pettavel should learn a lesson from Miss Jackson's economy. Each story in *The Unblest* is a variation on the same theme, the theme of a scapegoat. *The Experiment* is about a young man who has the misfortune of being physically and mentally repellent. He picks up and marries a golden-hearted drab called "Mouse." But the wintry nature of her husband makes "Mouse" so unhappy that she throws herself downstairs (Mr. Pettavel has a *penchant* for suicide). The best of these sad chronicles, *Mr. Buckle*, tells how a dim little man craves for affection. He receives none from Evie, his pretentious masterful wife, and none from the young girl he subsequently courts. Only the vulgar old cook gives him a horrid taste of it, but by then his poor mind is rocking. Mr. Pettavel has been at great pains with his four tragedies. Each one is a pile of detail carefully balanced like matchsticks on top of a bottle. They stay up all right, but are they not a bit dull in their monochrome? At his best Mr. Pettavel invites comparison with that neglected writer, "Elizabeth" (von Arnim). But she gave flavour to her tales of frustration by curdling them with an unforgettable acidity. Some of her rennet or some of Mr. Wilson's bile, and these stories might really taste of something.

Mr. Khushwant Singh is something new in Indian writers. He is neither painfully Western, nor artfully oriental, but realistic and unpretentious. He is rare among Indian writers in having the quality of detachment. In a few shrewd lines Mr. Singh shows up the pretensions of priests and politicians, both Left and Right; he inflates and punctures Sir Mohan Lal, the Westernised Hindu; he makes good-mannered but pointed fun of enthusiastic American missionary, Moslem *moulana* and Hindu *swami* alike. A little more depth, a little more polish and his comments on Indian life will be more poignant. The stories in *The Mark of Vishnu* are as diverse and pleasing as the dishes in a good curry. Mr. Singh is sweet, sour and peppery by turns. He only fails once—when he turns his back on the world he knows so well and tries fantasy.

JOHN RICHARDSON

CANT

A Dictionary of the Underworld. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Routledge.* £2 10s.

Of what use is a specialist dictionary to the average reader? There is the familiar morbid delight that comes from picking up a Medical Dictionary in someone's house and reading one's symptoms; but you would hardly think of buying the work. Crossword puzzle enthusiasts and song-writers are amply catered for, but again the average reader is not likely to put down hard money on the off-chance that they might one day come in useful. The more recondite pursuits are defined in works which might as well be written in foreign languages for all the use they are to most of us. How much more so, one would think, with a Dictionary of the Underworld. Apart from the snob value of having this handsome blue volume on the shelf, fifty shillings if it's a penny, can any but the specialists be urged to buy it?

The answer, of course, depends on whether you have that much money to spare. If you have (and no one is going to pretend that it is cheap at the price), then your fun will begin. You open it, bow to the list of Mr. Partridge's achievements in nearby fields, and read the title:

> A Dictionary of the Underworld
> British and American
> Being the vocabularies of Crooks, Criminals, Racketeers, Beggars and Tramps, Convicts, the Commercial Underworld, the Drug Traffic, the White Slave Traffic, Spivs.

Here's richness! Perhaps the Commercial Underworld, so evocative of Dickens, Graham Greene and the rest, beckons you on. Look up *dud* and there it is; but in looking for it, the eye is caught by *duey*: "'twopence' is parlyaree." And what in heaven's name is parlyaree? "The language of circusmen, showmen and itinerant and/or low actors . . . the term itself is not cant." Thinking off-hand of several and/or actors, it sounds more like a compliment. But again the eye is snared: *spring a partridge*: "To draw persons in, e.g., into a gaming house, in order to cheat or swindle them." The crack freezes on the pen, even a reviewer's pen; all is above board in this enterprise.

Or perhaps you prefer to improve your understanding by testing your friends. In that case, you may be among the latest to indulge in the ancient sport of psycho-lexicography. Nothing could be simpler to play: you merely hand the book to the friend in question and observe which word he looks up first. Often it is enough to note which letter he opens at: much doubtless is to be deduced from the fact that Mopsa hurries to the F's, while Dickon opens as to the manner born at the letter B; and the more suspect letters will certainly catch some curious fishers hot for certainty. If the poor wretch finds his way to nothing more startling than *quocker-wodger*, you can at least reflect that with such psychic defences he is not worthy of such a riot of language as this Dictionary provides.

For it is in essence just that: a riot of language, an escape from the routine of everyday phrases, everyday associations. There is some historical interest, too: who would have thought that the cant meaning of *sucker* went back ninety years, while that of *racket* is fifty years earlier still? And as Mr. Partridge points out in his foreword, *phoney* has been current in the United States since 1890, and in its English form *fawney* since 1770. Yet, surprising as these are, one is prepared for such curiosities: does not Shakepeare's Octavius Caesar drawl out: "Take your time" like any Hollywood gangster to a loud-mouthed rival? Survivals are part of the tough-

ness of a language. No, what makes this a delightful and virtually inexhaustible book, long after we have marvelled at the dates and entered up the result of psycho-lexicography, is quite simply the amazing profusion of new and strange specimens. It is the tropical aquarium of words. *Stalling Ken, cotton-shooter, quod-cove, dance the Paddington frisk, snammer, snake the tree of life, three-penny upright, bit-smasher, cross-bite, Johnny up in the yard*—we gaze incredulously at these fragments from an unknown world, so foreign and yet so familiar. "Weaving leather aprons" say the denizens when charged inconveniently to account for their recent activities, or "Making a whim-wham to bridle a goose." Incomprehensible, but somehow graphic: like the punch-line in a French cabaret song that sets the room roaring and leaves us feeling baffled and oddly pleased. When the fairy-tale incantation has failed, and the citizen is told off to take a holiday, the next we may hear is that he has "smashed the teapot"—a gruesome phrase, far worse than its actual meaning of having to live on gruel. Sometimes some very rare fish swim up to the window: explaining *the*, to conceal surreptitiously, we are treated to a passage from "Thrilling Incidents of the Convict System in Australia," by E. Gibb, which runs:

> "Ikeing the rabbit for a fake for his Bingy,
> and making a coil of a conkey myrnionair."

Talk about Out Exagmination! Australia in 1895 had little to learn from James Joyce. And, as the fairground barkers would say, that is only one of the countless attractions to be found within.

Then roll up, roll up. For the scholar, new fields of knowledge, plenty to argue about; for the student, the encouragement of seeing an intrepid explorer conquer another hinterland, where all had seemed so discovered already; for the average reader, a fun-fair, brash, bold, bewildering, teeming with unexpected life and hints of the dark world that lies beyond the pages of Webster and the Shorter Oxford: perhaps he will come best out of it after all. FRANK HAUSER

William Blake's Engravings. Edited with an introduction by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Faber*. 30s.

For those of us who cannot afford to possess the large and beautiful volumes of Blake's engravings hitherto available, and who have turned over the pages of Binyon's edition, and the replicas of the Prophetic Books with reverence and regret, this volume is something more than a palliative. So right is Mr. Keynes' selection from Blake's work in line engraving, in his original technique of relief etching, and in wood engraving, that we have the satisfaction of possessing at least the canon of Blake's work. The *Job* engravings and the illustrations to Dante's *Inferno* are all there, the woodcuts for Thornton's *Virgil;* the *Gates of Paradise;* a liberal selection of pages from the Prophetic Books, and the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, besides a number of well-chosen line engravings of all periods. It is a pity that the *Canterbury Pilgrims* has had to be included in the form of end-papers (it would otherwise have been too large to include at all) but we are glad to have it there even so, with what Mr. Keynes' calls its "clumsy grandeur" to remind us that Blake, when he was not observing the hosts of heaven and hell, could turn his observation upon men and women with a psychological insight seldom equalled by any professed realist. Mr. Keynes' scholarly introduction gives a clear idea of the range and originality of Blake's technique as an engraver, and serves only to increase our respect for the workmanlike competence of the only artist of comparable stature since Dürer who has engraved his own drawings, and the only poet whose poems we may read as his hand wrote them.

The Player's Library. The Catalogue of the Library of the British Drama League. *Faber*. 30s.

The British Drama League, whose headquarters are at 9 Fitzroy Square, among its other activities provides an unrivalled collection of sets of plays which are on hire to its members. Thus by joining the League, play-reading societies or acting groups can ensure for themselves material for very frequent changes of play at a very small cost. Apart from its sets, the library covers books on the Theatre and individual plays. This catalogue, compiled by Miss Margaret Burnham under the direction of the present Librarian, Miss Mary Garnham, will be invaluable to secretaries: beside each play listed is the briefest description of the kind of play, the number of players needed (by sexes), the setting and, where appropriate, the kind of costume.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphony. HAYDN: No. 83, G minor ("La Poule") (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB21076-8). We can count ourselves lucky to have been handed this impressive and thoughtful symphony, for it is among those seldom heard in the concert hall. Moreover it is evident from the start that the Hallé has improved out of all recognition lately, and is now once more a first-rate orchestra, entirely worthy of its newly acquired red label status. Listen, for example, to the beautiful, velvety tone of the flute in the Andante. There is not a dull page in the whole work and the recording is a treat.

Concertos. FRANCK: *Variations Symphoniques* (Lympany/Philharmonia/Süsskind. C7784-5). If the recording of the orchestra were somewhat better, this would be the recommended set of Franck's most wholly delightful work. As it is, Miss Lympany, who handles the solo part nimbly and with feeling, is badly let down: the string tone is edgy and out of focus, and the recording as a whole lacks depth. Until further notice Dame Myra Hess's version (HMV), though far from new, will, I think, give more satisfaction than this. BEETHOVEN: Violin Concerto (Szigeti/New York Phil/Walter. LX1298-1302). A most unhappy venture. Szigeti has been one of the best interpreters of modern times—a violinist whose musicianship could always be relied upon. But his tone, never of the roundest, has of late become stringy and uncertain. Badly recorded (as here), it is scarcely endurable; Beethoven's long, tranquil melodies fall to pieces, and during Joachim's cadenzas, which are somewhat too long even when masterfully played, one does not know where to look. The Menuhin set of this concerto, though not exactly thrilling, is at least adequate.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. MENDELSSOHN: *Hebrides* Overture (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB6941). Both this and the Van Beinum record of the *Hebrides* suffer from an over-romantic approach. The orchestral playing in this latest issue is all that we should expect of the Vienna Philharmonic: the "atmosphere" could be cut with a knife: the recording is good. But the eccentricities of tempo are to my ear extremely vexing, and those who prefer a straight performance of the overture are advised to stick to the pre-war Beecham record, which it would still be hard to surpass. HANDEL: Overture, C major (London Baroque Ensemble/Haas. R20581). An indispensable record. The work itself is a little suite, full of charm and gaiety, bright as a button. The instruments (two clarinets and a horn) are perfectly played and blended, and the recording is ideally sweet. MOZART: Rondo (from Haffner Serenade, K250) (Vienna Phil/Böhm. C3990). I call this a stupid issue. A complete recording of the whole Serenade—perhaps Mozart's finest piece of *Gebrauchsmusik*—has long been a felt need; but few will want the Rondo alone, well played and recorded though it is. GLAZOUNOV: *Raymonda*—Grande Valse; Tchaikovsky: *Mazeppa*—Gopak (Philharmonia/Malko. C3991). Those (and I hope they are many) who love a concert waltz are assured that they will thoroughly enjoy at least one side of this disc. The *Raymonda* waltz has the luxurious and slightly absurd charm of Fabergé's more elaborate objects. Nicolai Malko handles it superbly and the recording is suitably brilliant. The Gopak is quite as efficiently played; but I can't imagine wanting to hear it more than once—outside the theatre. SUPPÉ: *Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna*—Overture (Philharmonia/Lambert. DX1665).

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A record for big gramophones and big rooms. Side 1 has some delightful, quiet music, delicately conducted; but the final section—as always in pieces of this kind—is tediously blatant. There are so many *opéra comique* overtures which are spoilt for intimate listening by two or three minutes of tonic-dominant hubbub at the end. Might there not be something to be said for re-arranging the score, in cases like this, to achieve a more agreeable and serene ending? After all, music of this kind is not sacrosanct. Perhaps Mr. Lambert would oblige. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Delirien*—Waltz (Vienna Phil. Karajan. LX1303). The introduction to this waltz is hardly inferior to the wonderful opening of *Sphärenklänge*; both have a Lisztian eloquence that prepares us for the sumptuous beauties to follow. The waltz-chain itself is full of characteristic subtleties. The playing is a model of style and the recording the best that has come out of the Vienna studios for some time.

Chamber Music, Piano Solo and Organ. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, E flat, Op. 127 (Hungarian Qt. DB9473-6, DBS9472: *Auto* only). As an admirer of the technical skill and ensemble of the Hungarian Quartet I regret to have to say that to my ear this is a superficial, earthbound performance of a very great work. The Adagio is taken too fast, and not enough is made of the contrast between the A flat and E major sections. The contrast here is not one of colour—of a sun-lit landscape suddenly clouded: it is as if Beethoven has turned aside for a time to regard a different scene; and the change of mood ought to be reflected in an increase of the rhythmic tension. Again, the coda of the Finale—one of Beethoven's most romantic pages—goes for almost nothing: we scarcely perceive the tune, as it wanders from instrument to instrument, through the shimmering triplets. Discophiles who possess the old (deleted) Busch set of this quartet, are urged to stick to it, for even the recording of the new set is far from satisfactory. The tone of the first violin's E string is unpleasantly sibilant, the balance is none too good, and there are three loud studio bumps in the course of the work. SCHUMANN: *Etudes Symphoniques* (Mewton Wood. AK2361-3). Though at moments very fine, Mewton Wood's rendering of these formidable variations is not uniformly excellent—especially at the beginning. With Variation III what had seemed rather an hysterical performance acquires a better poise; but all through I kept wishing for a firmer grip and a wider range of feeling. The thickly chordal texture of many of the variations is not well adapted to recording, but on the whole the piano tone is faithful, even in *ff*. CHOPIN: Mazurkas: A minor, Op. 67, No. 4; D major, Op. 33, No. 2 (Stefanska: B9931). Mlle. Stefanska's dreamy style is admirably suited to the A minor Mazurka and the disc is worth acquiring for this alone. In the better known D major Mazurka (it appears in *Les Sylphides*) the pianist does not achieve the absolute precision and sparkle which distinguish Rubinstein's recording of the piece. BACH: Fantasia and Fugue, G minor. (Dupré. AK2364-5). Marcel Dupré's registration here is the perfect answer to my outcry last month, on the subject of modern organists' playing of Bach. Every part stands out clearly; the weight of tone is quite sufficient, yet never more than the ear can stand. I could wish, however, that the semi-quaver *grupetti* in the fugue had been a little more evenly played.

Vocal. VERDI: *Aida*—"Ritorna vincitor" (Tebaldi. X326). In all respects an outstanding record—far the best available of this beloved aria. What a relief to come upon an Italian soprano who consents to obey the composer's dynamic markings! Renata Tebaldi's soft legato singing is a joy to listen to, and in the more powerful passages her tone is always well sustained. The orchestral playing and the balance are excellent, but why, oh why not have let us hear the brief orchestral exordium, for which there is plenty of room on the disc? PUCCINI: *Tosca*—"Recondita armonia" (act 1); "E lucevan le stelle" (act 3). (Conley. M656). A very respectworthy record. Eugene Conley may not be a subtle artist, but he has a fine, ringing tenor and does not try to over-dramatise the arias. GIORDANO: *Marcella*—"Non conosciuto"; *Serenata Malinconica* (Gigli. DA1925). The aria from *Marcella* (a late opera of Giordano's) is too conventional to be interesting, but the *Serenata* has genuine melodic invention and is extremely well sung. BRAHMS: *Gestillte Sehnsucht*, Op. 91, No. 1 (Flagstad Downes(viola) Moore. DA1932). This lovely song does not appear to suit Mme Flagstad very well. Of course the tone is beautiful, but never for a moment are we convinced that the singer *feels* what she is singing. I do not greatly care for Kathleen Ferrier's record (Decca) of the song, but I think it is preferable to this. BICZO-KRATZL: "Das Glück is' a Vogerl"; BERTEL: "Wenn der Franzl" (Kunz. LB98). Erich Kunz has now no rival that I know of in this kind of Viennese melody. "Das Glück" is a winner, the other song rather more commonplace.

Esquire Records. (76 Bedford Avenue, London, W.C.1.). The records issued by this new company, though made abroad, are pressed in this country, on English material, with the result that the surfaces are much smoother than those of French or Italian discs. Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*, Op. 41 (Ellen Adler Villers Quartet Leibowitz. TW4-002-3) is an interesting but hardly an attractive work, and his setting of Byron's words (for *Sprechstimme*) entirely destroys the strong rhythm of the verse. Ellen Adler "speaks" the lines in what seems to be an expert manner, and the balance is quite well managed. The work itself, it is safe to say, will appeal only to convinced adherents of the 12-note system. On the other hand, Alban Berg's Four Songs, Op. 2 (Irène Joachim Chamber Orch Leibowitz. TW4-001) are beautiful in the generally accepted sense of the word. The poems, by Hebbel and Mombert, all deal with a grief-laden borderland between sleep and waking. They are impressionist in style and already bear the imprint of Berg's extraordinary genius. Irène Joachim sings them most beautifully, but her voice is somewhat distorted through being placed too near the microphone. Otherwise this record, which won the Grand Prix du Disque for 1950, can be recommended without reserve. We are not told who orchestrated the (originally piano) accompaniments: it was not, I believe, Berg himself. The third issue released by *Esquire* is a Gloria Mass by Vivaldi (Chorus of the Lecco Academy Orch. Teatro Nuovo di Milan Pedrollo. TW3-001-4). This work is energetic but conventional and the recording is shallow and harsh in the extreme. Future releases of this company include works by Bartok, Honegger, Roussel, Pergolesi, Webern, and (most importantly) Berg's Chamber Concerto. This very beautiful piece should further understanding of a composer whose shadow lengthens with every year that passes.

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No. 1,069

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Competitors are invited to write a School Song for one of the following—a 16-line extract is required: the College of Heralds; the Academy of Plato; The School for Scandal; the Royal Academy; Dartinghill Heights; Miss Pinkerton's Academy; Raleigh's School of Night; St. Winifred's (by Dean Farrar); Hendon Police College; The School of Slavonic Studies.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Sung by selected teams from the different Academies, the anthems were scrupulously tested for nobleness, uplift, and that peculiar invocative obscurity that is so necessary to ritual. After three days' listening we wish to commend Marcel's *Semper sit calumnia* (sung "in strong didactic" or "steady 'obedient' style" by director or students); R. J. P. Hewison's *Alma Matushka*; R. S. Jaffray's *St. Winifred's* ("Winnies! the name always carries you through!"); Fergie's heraldic chorus: "*Off to ago!*"

See what a glorious past lies ahead of us!
What is to come lies behind us, forgot,

E. J. Tinsley's chorus: "Three cheers for the academy, R.A., R.A., R.A.!" Guy Kendall ("Let every kid Obey his Id"); Isabel Finlayson's

You see that still life, Bowl of Fruit?
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And though surrealists may hoot,
By gad, sir! You could eat it:

R. B. Browning ("Lend an ear, or both, we prithee, To our latest scandal pithy"); the two genuine Police Collegians who sent songs. Silver cups to the value of 25s. are awarded to Rosemounde, A. M. Sayers, the Revd. J. P. Stevenson, Goodwill, and J. B. B. Aris, who supplied an English verse crib for his Police College song.

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Then Miss Jemima and pedagogues all.

Hail to Miss Pinkerton, guide and philosopher!
Here she prepares us for duty's stern call!
We will be true to the Great Lexicographer!
We will be faithful to dear Chiswick Mall!

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Norroy, Windsor, Mantle Blue,
Rouge Croix, York and Clarenceux—
Hark, the Herald voices sing,
Vivat, vivat Garter King!

3. *Clarenceux:*

O lack ye breeding, birth and knowledge?
Come unto the Heralds' College,
And we for sixty-eight-pounds-ten
Will turn you into gentlemen.
Norroy, Windsor &c.

4. *Pursuivants:*

Like all who manufacture arms
We do not care for war's alarms,
But should Portcullis have to fall
Rouge Dragon will protect us all.
Norroy, Windsor &c.
(Allegro)

REVD. J. P. STEVENSON

The tailor shows his skill, my boys,
With needle, thread, and shears;
But we will make a coat, my boys,
To last a thousand years,
To last a thousand years.

Chorus (Adagio):

How sweet is the armorer's lot
Thinking up patterns for targes,
Dipping his brush in the pot,
And never forgetting the charges.

The gardener boasts his skill, my boys,
With trowel, hoe and spade;
But we can fill a field, my boys,
With flowers that never fade,
With flowers that never fade.

GOODWILL

His in regionibus
Discamus, O sodales,
Quis capternus artibus
Viros inaequales.
Et decorum comptius
Legibus addetur;
Gratiisque sanctius
Ius administretur.
Laudes huic Collegio
Juvenes senesque
Proferamus, ut eo
Nancti fas viresque.
Captus cum coactus est
Magistri ante thronum
Testemur dum plebs adest
Floreat Hendonum!

J. B. B. ARIS

CHESS: Fact and Fiction

No. 49

If we are entitled to compare the practical game of chess with the reality of life it must be a permissible analogy to compare the composer's study or chess-problem with the fiction-writer's more or less stylised, or symbolic or "realistic" image of life. Even a *cliché* such as "fact is stranger than fiction" will often be found applicable to an actual game of chess that may well contain a combinative idea more fantastic than the more sober construction of a similar idea in a composer's study. Yet again, it may so happen that fact and fiction on the chess board are as alike as the two proverbial peas, thereby providing some more evidence for our old thesis that in chess no less than in life there is "nothing new under the sun."

Take this study composed by J. Moravec in 1924. Surprisingly White can stave off a seemingly inevitable defeat by setting up a veritable *perpetuum mobile*, like this.

(1) R-R1 ch	K-Kt1	(7) R-R8 ch	K-R2
(2) R-Kt1 ch	K-B1	(8) R-R7 ch	K-R3
(3) R-QR1	K-Q1	(9) R-R8	K-R4
(4) K-Q6	K-K1	(10) K-B5	K-R5
(5) K-K6	K-B1	(11) K-B4	K-R4
(6) K-B6	K-Kt1	(12) K-B5 etc., etc.	

An interesting endgame study. I wonder, if Eliskases knew it when, 14 years after its first publication—at Nordwyk, 1938—he found himself in this position against Keres. Anyway, with or without premeditation, Eliskases (Black) found the correct solution of his problem by playing

(1)	R-Kt3 ch	(6) K-Kt1	R-Kt3 ch
(2) K-B1	R-KR3	(7) K-R2	R-R3 ch
(3) K-Q1	K-Q6	(8) K-Kt1	R-Kt3 ch
(4) K-K1	K-K6	(9) K-B1	R-KR3
(5) K-B1	K-B6	etc.	

Surely a strange coincidence of "fact and fiction." Yet, as if this weren't enough, omniscient Kurt Richter has dug out this position from a game played by Törngren (White) at Stockholm in 1902, i.e., 22 years before Moravec composed his study.

The game continued (1) R-R8, K-R4, (2) K-B5, K-R3, (3) K-B6, K-R2, (4) R-R7 ch etc. I wonder if a reader, by any chance, has come across the same interesting *motif* in an actual game.

A: H. Weenink, 1925

For this week's competition, here are two fairly subtle endgame studies, not exceedingly difficult, but not exactly easy either, and full of finesse. They are also not without some instructive value for the endgame practitioner. It is only because they are rather similar in theme that I rate them a mere 5 points each. B, incidentally is not exactly a study but happened in a game at Munich, 1930. Rabinovicz played Black and won after White's (1) R-R2 ch. But how? As for A, this is a fiction rather than fact, i.e., a study, with White to move and win.

B: Rabinovic
Munich, 1930

Usual prizes. Entries by August 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 22

A: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K x B. (2) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (3) P-Kt7.
B: White stalemates himself by B-Q2, followed by B-R5 and P-Kt4
C: Key: R-R1 (followed by Q-QKt1 and Q-KKt1).

Though some competitors found A a stumbling block practically no one was stumped by B. As for C, since my omission to call it a three-mover evidently confused some competitors I shall not count it in the point-to-point race. Those who solved it anyway have their pride of achievement and my apologies to console them for the six points missed. This week's prizes shared by C. Allen (Southsea), J. Harman, E. Hopkinson, L. Instone, J. A. Russ.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CAMBRIDGE University. Applications are invited for appointment to the posts of University Lecturer and University Assistant Lecturer in English. Candidates may apply for either or both of these posts, and must send ten copies of application, together with the names of not more than three referees, not later than October 16, 1950, to Secretary of Appointments Ctee. of the Faculty of English, M. J. C. Hodgart, Pembroke College, Cam., from whom further details can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. The Council of the University proposes to make an appointment to the position of Vice-Chancellor before the end of 1950. Whilst reserving to itself at all stages the right to appoint by invitation, the Council is prepared to entertain applications from persons interested. Details may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Melbourne, and the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, and applications should be lodged with the Registrar, University of Melbourne, by September 30.

NUFFIELD Foundation. The Nuffield Foundation has a vacancy for an Assistant Secretary. He must be a university graduate (in any faculty) with a good academic record, of proved administrative ability in responsible posts and having the capacity to consider novel proposals imaginatively and practicably. Preferably he should be aged between 35 and 40 years. The commencing salary will be £1,500 a year, with superannuation and child allowances. Anyone wishing to be considered for this post should write to the Secretary, Nuffield Foundation, 22 Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.1, stating age and full details of qualifications and experience and the names of three referees. L. Farrer-Brown, Secretary.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Head of Children's Hour Department. Organising and administrative experience is essential. Desirable qualifications include some knowledge of the fields of entertainment, and an understanding of children and their interests. Starting salary £1,000, rising by £60 to £1,360 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "H.C.H., N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Producer, Light Entertainment, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. Candidates should have experience of either theatrical production, film direction, or sound broadcasting. A thorough knowledge of variety and light entertainment is essential, and the ability to adapt scripts to the medium desirable. Starting salary £750 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £50 to £1,100 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Prod. Tel., N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for post in School Broadcasting Department concerned with preparation of programmes for children of 3-9 years. Candidates must have sympathetic insight into the interests and capacities of young children, good background knowledge of children's literature, and ability to select and write material for children of different ages. Musical and literary capacity, experience in working with children, and informed interest in education are desirable, but applicants with the right personal qualities and talents will receive the same consideration as those possessing more specialised knowledge and experience. Normal starting salary £810 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £990 p.a. maximum. Applications must be made on the prescribed form, which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope. Correspondence should be marked "Schools, L.W.M., N. Stm." The closing date for the receipt of application forms is three weeks from the date of this insertion.

LONDON County Council (Children's Department). Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for two posts of Area Children's Officer. Candidates should possess, in addition to a good education and adequate training, a knowledge of urban and social conditions and the work of residential establishments for deprived and young persons; they should have had experience with children presenting behaviour problems and be capable of organising and supervising the work of trained children's welfare officers engaged in visiting, boarding-out, juvenile court and child life protection work, together with administrative experience in local government. Each appointment will be to the Council's permanent staff, subject to medical examination, and will be to a major establishment (administrative) grading on a salary scale of £700 by £35 to a maximum of £840 a year. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope required) obtainable from the Children's Officer (CH/A.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable not later than August 31, 1950.

MEN or women with several years' practical experience in industry and a University Degree wanted as motion study investigators. Training given. Good salary and prospects. Apply, giving age, qualifications and experience, to The Anne Shaw Organisation, Beech House, Heald Green, Cheadle, Cheshire.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

ART—Museum School Officer for Wales. Applications are invited for a post in Art in connection with the school service of the National Museum of Wales. Applicants should possess the Art Teacher's Diploma or equivalent qualification of graduate status. They should have a wide understanding of Art, Crafts and Design and be able to assist in the collection and display of specimens. Teaching experience is essential and a knowledge of Welsh is desirable. Salary: men, £490 by £25 to £590 per annum; women, £385 by £20 to £480 per annum. Allowance will be made in the initial salary for age and service. Superannuation will be under the Teachers (Superannuation) Act, 1945. Further particulars may be obtained from the Director, National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, to whom applications should be received by Sept. 12, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for employment as Programme Assistant in Slovene Section of East European Service. Candidates' mother-tongue must be Slovene and they must have received higher education in Yugoslavia. They will be required to read fluently, convincingly and appreciably in the language, to translate competently, from English, talks on a great variety of subjects and to write original material for broadcasting. Candidates should have an intimate knowledge of English and an interest in economic, political and cultural affairs including those of their native country. Experience in journalism an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to take microphone and translation tests. Appointment will be on a fixed salary of £575 per annum normally for a term of three years. There is a possibility of a higher salary being offered if the qualifications of the accepted candidate are exceptional and of promotion to a higher grade during the engagement. Applicants should state age and details of educational and other qualifications, together with particulars of employment to date. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Slovene P.A., N. Stm." Applications will not be acknowledged but candidates will be notified of result in due course.

PORTSMOUTH Mental Health Services. Psychiatric Social Worker (preferably male), required in September, for Community Care and Mental Hospital work. Candidates must possess a University qualification approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers and should preferably have had experience with adult patients. The post is established under St. James' Mental Hospital group of the South West Metropolitan Regions, and the successful candidate will be required to contribute towards pension as provided by National Health Service Superannuation Regulations. Previous service with a Local Authority may count for pension purposes. The salary will be in accordance with any national scale applicable within the Hospital Service at the time of appointment. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the undersigned within two weeks of publication of this advertisement. Medical Director, St. James Mental Hospital, Locksway Road, Portsmouth.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as Youth Employment Officer for Sutton and Banstead (salary grade A.P.T. II-IV, £420 to £525 per annum plus London Allowance). Candidates should preferably be qualified in at least two of the following respects: (a) Experience in Youth Employment; (b) Industrial experience; (c) University degree or diploma; (d) Administrative experience. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped (3½d.) addressed envelope, from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom they should be returned not later than August 19, 1950.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the posts of full-time Club Leader at the Castelnau Youth Club, Barnes, and the Canterbury Road Youth Club, Morden. Applicants should have had practical experience of work with young people between the ages of 15 and 25. A recognised certificate of full-time training is desirable, but not essential. Salary: Men £500 × £15—£650; women £370 × £12—£390. The appointments will be temporary for twelve months in the first instance, but the persons appointed will be included in the Authority's Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars and forms of application, which should be returned within two weeks of this notice, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

B.B.C. invites applications from typists with a perfect knowledge of Greek and a good knowledge of English. The work consists mainly of typing from Greek dictation and copy-typing in English. Candidates must have reliable typing speeds and be willing to work on a shift basis, including week-ends. Knowledge of political and economic world affairs would be an advantage. The posts are in a scale of which the maximum is £6 5s. plus language allowance. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Greek Typist, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, needs for September term teacher for small group of 7-8 year-olds. Man or woman, but must be capable of taking outside games and activities.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

APPLICATIONS are invited by the Society of Technical Civil Servants for the post of Assistant General Secretary on a salary scale of £600 × £25—£750 p.a. Trade Union experience is essential and preference will be given to candidates who have had experience in one of the technical branches of the Civil Service. Applications (six copies) should be addressed to the General Secretary, Society of Technical Civil Servants, 15 Bloomsbury Sq., Holborn W.C.1, and should be received not later than September 30, 1950. Envelopes should be marked "A.G.S. Application."

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Hadlow Place Boys' Home, Hadlow, Tonbridge. Applications are invited for the following appointments at the above-named Home which has accommodation for 40 boys of school age: House-mother: Wages £5 12s. a week. House-father: Wages £6 4s. a week. In each case a deduction of £1 3s. a week will be made in respect of board, lodging, overalls and laundry. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, and should be returned by August 19, 1950, to W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

ESSEX Education Committee. Qualified part-time play therapists (up to 5 sessions per week each) required for Ilford and Colchester Child Guidance Clinics. Fees for part-time appointments, 1½ guineas per session. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Acting Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, to be returned within 14 days of appearance of advertisement.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Male Children's Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for the above appointment for responsible work under the Children Act at a salary in Grades A.P.T. I or II (£390-£435 or £420-£465) according to qualifications and experience. The person appointed will be required to undertake Juvenile Court and/or adoption and family investigation duties, aftercare work with boys of school leaving age and the boarding-out of older boys. Preference will be given to candidates with a Social Science qualification or Child Care certificate and with experience in some or all of the duties. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom they should be returned within fourteen days of appearance of this advertisement. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Marsby, Clerk of the County Council.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). A vacancy exists for an Assistant Experimental Officer (female) as personal assistant to the Head of the Department of Bacteriology. Candidates must hold a qualification in science of not less than Higher Certificate standard. Competency in shorthand/typing and any secretarial experience would be an advantage. Commencing salary, at age 25 or over, £350 p.a., with Superannuation benefits. Applications (4) writing to the Secretary, N.I.R.D., Shinfield, Berks, giving full particulars.

NATIONAL Health Service Act, 1946. Shelton Mental Hospital, Shrewsbury Group 15 Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from candidates with a degree in Sociology or Social Science Certificate for the post of Assistant Social Worker at Shelton Mental Hospital, for a period of twelve months from October 1, 1950, to work under the supervision of the Psychiatric Social Worker. The applicant will have opportunity for work both in the Hospital and at Out-Patient Clinics, and the post is suitable for persons wishing to gain practical experience before applying to train the Mental Health Certificate. £300 per annum, non-resident, and the post is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950. Applications, stating age and experience, should be made to the Medical Superintendent, Shelton Hospital, Shrewsbury, from whom further particulars may be obtained. J. P. Mabett, Secretary, Royal Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury.

SHROPSHIRE County Library. Applications are invited from qualified or partly qualified librarians with some experience for the post of Branch Librarian at Dawley (Popn. 8,300). Salary £390 × £15—£435. The post is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Good bus services are available to the surrounding area. Further details of the appointment, and forms of application (which should be returned not later than Saturday, August 19) may be obtained from: H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £147 less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SHORTHAND Typists, senior and junior, required immediately. Must be well educated, accurate with good speeds. Preferably aged 17-30. Work interesting and varied. Excellent prospects. Salary according to age and experience. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

WORKER wanted (or interesting mixed farm in Cardiganshire. Intelligent but also able to work hard. Live in. Box 8284.

ASSISTANT Warden (woman) wanted for Club Centre in St. Pancras. Girls and mixed work. Full time. Apply in writing only, stating exp. and salary req'd., and giving names of 3 referees, to the Secretary, Mogdalen Club House, 5 Randolph Crescent, W.9.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires September 1 State Registered nurse, convalescent home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex (60 women, 50 men). Salary according to qualifications with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Apply Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St. Bishopsgate, E.1.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist required by old-established publishing house. Particulars regarding experience, age and salary, to Box 8341.

A PERSONAL Secretary of the Jewish Faith reqd. immediately for Minister. Important, interesting and responsible position for competent young lady 25-35. Accurate S./T. essential. Excellent conditions, 5-day week and progressive salary. Applicants should telephone CUN. 5900 for preliminary interview.

JUNIOR copy typist/telephonist required. Permanent, progressive position. Applications to: A.S.S.E.T., 10 Park St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WELL-educated young woman wishes employment in connection with art. Bookshop or library, gallery, antiques, etc. Box 8174.

EMPLOYMENT with imag., useful incentive for hard work, home/abroad, living wage, reqd. by graduate, civil engineer, 24. Exp. U.K., Germany, Africa; humane instincts, not unintelligent, no ties, now vegetating in Civil Service. Any incentive considered. Box 8175.

GRADUATE, woman, ord. M.A. (Glasgow), French, German, Economics, seeks post. Johnstone, Wychfield, Strewerton, Ayrshire.

I WANT a job that brings me in contact with interesting, cultured people. I like writing. I like organising. I can do shorthand, typing. Young lady. Box 8204.

YOUNG man, educated, literary ability, seeks job printing, publishing, bookselling or advertising. London. Box 8205.

EDUC. woman, vegetarian, small son, 4½, post housekeeper, wld. care for child, etc., in country house accept. London. Box 8206.

YNG. man in soul-destroying "safe" job 12s. new horizons: anywhere! Box 8240.

YOUNG lady graduate, initiative, good personality, wishes to be articled in good London legal office. Box 8237.

EXPERIENCED schoolmaster, graduate, 41, offers services with senior pupils in progressive school. Strong subjects: English, French, Latin, Maths., Scripture. Box 8180.

MALE artist, 32, painter, illustrator, decent draughtsman, excellent refs., seeks employment urgently. Box 8148.

YOUNG lady, 20, seeks post receptionist London. Personable appearance and manner. Considerable relevant experience. Box 8190

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TELEPATHY and Human Personality," by Dr. J. B. Rhine; "Do Giants Still Walk the Earth?" by Langston Days; "Hid from the Wise," by Lord Dowding; "Astrology—Cult, not Science," by Dr. MacPherson, and other interesting articles appear in the Summer No. of "Rider's Review," now on sale. Editor: Philip Butler. 72 pages. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all booksalls or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

LANGUAGES For All," by Lawrence Wolfe, explains newest method of foreign language learning. Easy, rapid; guarantees fluency from outset. 7s. 6d. plus 6d. post. Daniel Godwin, Ltd., 68-70 Wardour St. W.1.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted! Selected German books on philosophy, history, prose, poetry and art in stock. Continental Book Supply, 12a Chumleigh Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS bought for cash. High prices offered for recent or pre-war novels and non-fiction in fine condition. Complete libraries or small lots purchased. Bernard Hanison, 57 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6956. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7934.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3927. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard refs. Good technical books also required.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs 7.30. Mats Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 1334). 7 (ex. Mon.); St. & Sun, 5 & 8. "The Gentle Gunman." Mems.

UNITY. "Winkles and Champagne." Victorian Music Hall and Melodrama. Weds.-Sats. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Aug. 13th, 7.30. "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 9 ailable nightly at doors only.

SATURDAY, August 12, 3 to 9 p.m. International Garden Party, with many attractions, music, international stalls, bring-and-buy sale, raffles, games, tea and refreshments. All nations cordially invited—wear national costume, if possible. Admission 1s. International People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Nearest Underground: Earls Court. 'Phone: FRO. 0360.

EXHIBITIONS

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by John Berger, John Buckland-Wright, Donald Hamilton Fraser, Roger Hilton. Daily 11-6, inc. Sats.

A COLLECTION of 17th, 18th and 19th Century Paintings and Early English Water-colours at modest prices. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Chinese paintings by Chen Chun-Fu and Wu Yung-Hsiang. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until Sept 2. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Symbolic Realism in American Painting. Exhibition at Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. July 19-Aug. 18. Week-days 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Robin Rae. July 19-August 19.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Painting.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise, 18th Annual Exhibition, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 393 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Selected Paintings by The Avant-Garde. Till Aug. 26, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. ex. Sun.

INTERNATIONAL Artists' Community: Sponsor: Oskar Kokoschka. Exhibition of Dis. Williams, Durga Lall. Open daily 10.30-7 p.m. No Sats. or Suns. 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. LAD. 3104. (Metro: Latimer Rd.).

PHOENIX Gallery for first-class art reproductions. Let us fill up that blank wall or replace the mirror which is rarely used with a colourful reproduction of a Monet, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh, &c. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 14th, Mr. R. S. D. Simpson: "How Weather Forecasts are Made." 21st, "My Country"—International Forum. 28th, Mrs. Dora Russell: "Education for Happiness."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Aug. 19, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Wetz (Alliance Française), "Education française et anglaise."

CHINA. Taiwan & the Security Council: Public Mtg., Fri., Aug. 18, 7.30, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. S. O. Davies, M.P., Lieut.-Col. Peniakoff (Popski), Alun Falconer (recently in Shanghai). Adm. 6d.

"RUSSIA—Peace or War," John B. Hynd, M.P., meeting 7.30 p.m. Friday, August 18. 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.3. Association German Socialdemocrats.

BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, Aug. 13, 3 p.m. "The World of To-day and its Problems": W. H. Stein.

LUNCH Hour talks on Yoga, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tuesdays at 1 p.m. Re-opening August 15: Spiritual Freedom and Natural Law, Aug. 22: The Unity of Life, Aug. 29: Readings from the Eastern Classics.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ANGLO-French Art Centre has vacancies for full-time students and evening classes for drawing, painting and sculpture. Preparation for M. of E. exams. Apply 29 Elm Tree Rd., N.W.8. Tel. CUNningham 7854.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

WORLD Convention of Religions on the Foundations of Peace. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1. August 18 to 24. Representatives of 9 religions and 42 organisations from 25 countries will speak. Sessions 12 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 7 p.m. Whole week 12s. 6d.; single session 1s.; day ticket 2s. Write to Secretary, Vedanta Movement, 11 Albert St., N.W.1, for programme.

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